THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JANUARY, 1807.

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Embellished with, I. *A beautiful Engraving of The Recluse Angler.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our old humorous Essex correspondents, A. B.—J. M.—and J. J. B. will find some of their Communications where they ought to be, among the Feast of Wit and Eccentricities.

If J. M. Flindall will leave a line at the Office, directing where a note may be addressed to him, it will be esteemed a particular favour.

The excellent Contrast between Tickell and Somerville is intended for next month.

TO SPORTSMEN.

Our numerous Subscribers among the Lovers of the Turf will excuse us if we point out to them, with other advantages that our late arrangements have enabled us to possess, that of publishing in the present Number *the Races to Come, three weeks earlier* than they possibly could transpire through any other channel; thus we have given in the present Number a Correct Account of the Sweepstakes, Matches, &c. which closed on the first of this month, of Malton, Catterick-Bridge, York Spring and August Meetings, Skipton, Beverley, and Doncaster, where there are 41 Nominations for the St. Leger Stakes.—The Nominations for the other Meetings will be continued in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Eckstein, del. W. Nicholls, sc.

The Recluse Angler.

Pub. Feb. 1809, by [illegible], Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JANUARY, 1807.

THE RECLUSE ANGLER.

Engraved by William Nicholls, late Pupil to Anthony Cardon, Esq.

THE picture of which the annexed engraving is a correct copy, was painted by that celebrated Artist —— Eckstein, Esq. who in the early part of his life was so attached to solitude and the piscatory art, that he has for many days together been lost to his family among the wild and romantic scenes of Sweden, of which country Mr. E. is a native. It was his custom, when inclined to retire from the Palette, to search out the most quiet recess of nature, and when accommodated to his wishes, resign himself to those gratifications best known to the lovers of serenity.

The figure before us is a portrait of Mr. E. when a youth, the scenery a close copy from rural existence; the fallen trees across the water, and the umbrageous foliage around him is not the effects of imagination, as he has often declared, but a true sketch from one of those favourite haunts, in which he was wont to pursue his pleasures, and where he delighted to study the colour and motions of the streams, the changes of the clouds, and the variety of aquatic weeds, which gave such picturesque brilliancy to his landscapes. During the summer months, Mr. E. was often found by his mother in situations of retirement, with his net, his basket, and other apparatus belonging to the sportsman, and at a late hour of the day, while other lads of the hamlet were preparing for sleep, or pursuing pleasures of a less interesting nature.

Mr. Eckstein is now about fifty years of age, and has composed a work called the Haunts of the Fisher. From this volume, the present subject was selected, and we make no doubt must be highly acceptable to the ingenious angler, whose first delight is to be reclused.

"Where not a sound interferes, except the whispers of Zephyr, through the branches that hide the nightingale, the hum of the wandering bee, or the butterflie's wing flapping the leaf of the dog-rose, or the monotonous song of the grasshopper, calling forth, as the sun beams decline, the love-lighted fires of the glow-worm."

FLETCHER REID, ESQ.

EXTRACT of a lettter from a correspondent at Egham, Surry, dated Jan. 29, 1807.

"Fletcher Reid, Esq. departed
" this life suddenly this morning,
" at Shepperton, Middlesex."

 MR. TAPLIN.

MR. TAPLIN.

LATELY died in Queen-street, Edgware-road, Mr. William Taplin, veterinary surgeon, author of the Stable Directory, and various other publications. His lively effusions, liberal opinions, and acute judgment, as a writer and veterinary surgeon, will long be remembered by the sporting world.—Among his lesser productions many are to be found in the early volumes of this magazine, particularly some delightful descriptions of the royal chace, in Windsor Forest, written in the genuine spirit and language of a true sportsman. About two years since, from family affliction, his faculties became impaired, and from which period his health had been declining, until his death. We understand, by an advertisement transmitted for the cover of our magazine, that the horse medicines—thought the best and most pure of any prepared in the kingdom—will be continued to be made up and sold by Mrs. Taplin: and that Mr. Davis, riding master, &c. in John-street, Edgware-road, will attend gentlemen's sick horses.

MR. SAMUEL CHIFNEY.

A FEW days since, died at his lodgings in Fleet-lane, London, Mr. Samuel Chifney, a well-known jockey upon the turf, author of a publication entitled "Genius Genuine," and sole inventor of the patent bits. He was formerly rider for the late Lord Grosvenor, the Duke of Bedford, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and several other noblemen and gentlemen:—He was not inferior to any jockey in the kingdom, though he was in several instances much condemned; but his particular and easy seat on horseback; his occasionally riding with a slack bridle, for which he states his reasons in "Genius Genuine;" and his very singular method of bringing his horse, when running at full speed, to change his leg, which he accomplished in so quick and masterly a manner; will cause him to be long remembered by the amateurs of the turf.

DOVERIDGE COURSING.

IN our last Magazine, page 104, is an article relative to this Meeting, and to which we have here to add the two following:

Mr. Swinfen's celebrated Snowball greyhound, that has beat every thing, in killing a hare at the last Doveridge Coursing Meeting, received so severe a strain, that it is not expected he will ever be able to run again. As a stallion, however, he will be invaluable. Mr. Cave Browne, it is expected, will not be able to receive much assistance from the gentlemen of Derbyshire, as the distemper has made wonderful havoc in all the great greyhound studs of that country. He is, however, preparing for his matches at Newmarket, against the Yorkshire greyhounds.

THE third meeting commenced on Tuesday last, Jan. 20. The hares ran extremely well, and very few were killed. The greyhounds belonging to Mr. Prinsep, and Mr. Noon, were perfectly recovered from the distemper, and ran in a most superior style of excellence. Mr. Cave Browne, whose dogs, heretofore supposed to be the best at the meeting, were obliged to yield the palm; his celebrated dog Rocket being most decidedly beat by Mr. Prinsep's Lingo: and Mr. Noon's Lady

Lady Bird, gained a complete victory over Mr. Browne's young dog Bellario, the favourite son of Rocket. Mr. Mundy's ran in their usual good style, as also did Mr. Swinfen's.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF THE *Celebrated and favourite Race-Horse* HAPHAZARD,

The Property of the Earl of Darlington.

HE was bred by G. J. Legh, Esq. of High-Legh, Cheshire, and got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam, Miss Hervey, (King David and Vision's dam) by Eclipse; grandam, Clio, (Horizon's dam) by Young Cade—Bolton Starling—Mr. Bartlett's Childers—Bay Bolton—Captain Byerley's Turk, out of a daughter of Bustler.

In 1800, at Doncaster, *Haphazard* was beat for the cup by Dion; beating Fanny, &c. and the next day, He was beat for the 100l. Plate by Chance and Sir Solomon, beating Hyacinthus, &c. and at Malton, he was beat for a 50l. Plate by Lord Strathmore's b c by Walnut, out of Little Scot's dam.

In 1801, at Catterick-Bridge, April 9, *Haphazard* won a stakes of 100gs, for three and four-year olds, three miles, beating Chaunter, Quiver, Cinamon, Takamahaka, John O'Grotts, and Kite:—Even betting on Cinamon, and 7 to 1 against Haphazard. At Middleham May 13, He was beat by Lord Strathmore's b c by Walnut, out of Little Scot's dam, &c. At Preston July 14, He won 50l. two-mile heats, beating Anniseed, Chaunter, &c. At Knutsford, July 30, He won 50l. distancing two others. At Richmond, Sept. 9, He was beat for the cup, by Agonistes and Alonzo; beating Lord Strathmore's Walnut colt, Jonah, and Constantia. At Pontefract, Sept 15, He won 50l. two-mile heats, beating Midnight, Lamplighter, and Myrtle. At Doncaster, Sept. 24, He won the 100l. Plate, beating, at four two-mile heats, Cinamon, Chance*, Miracle, and Trowsers. At Carlisle, October 31, He won 50l. beating Mr. Bates's Chance, by Drone.

In 1802, at Catterick-Bridge, April 22, *Haphazard* won a Stakes 60gs, three miles, beating Wrestler. At York, August 21, at 8st 2lb, He won a Handicap Stakes of 300gs, four miles, beating Chance, 8st 5lb; Cockfighter, 8st 9lb; Jonah, 8st 2lb, &c.—This was one of the finest races ever seen. He also, at York, on Wednesday following, won the Subscription Purse of 268l. 15s. four miles, beating Chance and Marcia, 8st 7lb each. At Richmond, Sept. 7, He won a Stakes of 50gs, with 50l added, beating Dr. Solander. On the next day, He was beat for the Gold Cup, by Ashton, &c.—At Doncaster, Sept. 29, He won the Doncaster Stakes of 150gs, four miles, beating Marcia, Sparrowhawk, Lenox, and Belleisle. And at Carlisle, November 1, He walked over for the King's Plate of 100gs.

In 1803, at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, April 25, *Haphazard*, 7st 12lb, received 100gs compromise from Lord Sackville's

* On Wednesday before running for the 100l. Plate, *Chance* won the Doncaster Stakes, four miles, beating Hyacinthus, Cock-fighter, &c. and likewise the Gold Cup, four miles, beating Sir Solomon, Champion, and Attainment.

Dick

Dick Andrews, 8st 4lb.—B. C. 500gs, h. ft. At York, August 20, at 8st 6lb, He beat Lord Strathmore's b h by Walnut, out of Little Scot's dam, 8st, four-miles, 500gs. On Monday, August 22, He won a Stakes of 225gs, four miles, beating Lenox, Young Traveller, Primrose, Bagsman, &c. and on Thursday, August 25, He won the Subscription Purse of 268l. 15s. four miles, beating Marcia, and Cinamon:—This was a remarkable well contested race; and was won by only half a head.

In 1804, at York, August 20, *Haphazard* won a Stakes of 225gs, four miles, beating Marcia, Lenox, Orville, &c. and on Thursday following, He won the Subscription Purse of 268l. 15s. four miles, beating Alonzo, Marcia, and Surprise: a very fine race, and won with difficulty. At Pontefract, Sept. 12, He was beat for the Gold Cup, by Marcia. At Doncaster, Sept. 24, at 8st 8lb, He beat Mr. Garforth's b h by Traveller, out of Faith, 7st 7lb, four miles, 200gs.

In 1805, *Haphazard* did not start, owing to his being matched against Sancho, at Lewes in 1806, for 1000gs.

In 1806, at Lewes, August 2, *Haphazard* received forfeit from Mr. Mellish's Sancho, 8st 7lb each, four miles, 1000gs. On the same day, He was beat for the Ladies' Plate by Dick Andrews, 8st 11lb each, four miles.—At starting, 5 to 4 on Haphazard; and at the Distance-Post, 10 to 1 he won.—A fine race, and won by a neck.

The above were his only engagements.—He will cover this season, (1807) in the Earl of Darlington's Stud, at Raby Castle, near Darlington, and Richmond, Yorkshire, at nine guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom.

THE LATE EARL OF CLERMONT'S STUD, &c. &c.

Candour compels us to acknowledge that the whole of the following article was compiled by the Editor of the York Herald, in which paper it appeared on the 24th instant.

THIS nobleman died at his residence at Brighton, on Monday, November 29, aged 84. He first commenced upon the turf in 1751*, and was generally called "The Father of the Turf." His Lordship for a great number of years had one of the largest and most valuable studs of horses, &c. in training at Newmarket, where he frequently engaged them to run for very large sums. His Lordship was confederate for several years with the late Lord Farnham. The following is a list of part of his Lordship's stud, a considerable number of which were bred by his Lordship, and the others were purchased of various noblemen and gentlemen. From the names of the stallions, Creeper †, Conductor ‡, Il'mio ||, Imperator §, Trumpator**, Marc Antony ††, &c. which his Lordship kept and bred from, have originated many *curious* and *original* names; his Lordship's mares were also frequently named with some resemblance to the names of their dams.—For the better information

* Lord March, (now Duke of Queensberry) commenced upon the Turf in 1748
Peregrine Wentworth, Esq. in 1752
The Duke of Grafton, in 1758
And Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart. in 1764

mation of our readers, to whom we have little doubt this ORIGINAL MATTER will be highly gratifying, we have selected them into the following classes, viz.—

1.

Creeper ......
Merry Traveller
Passenger.....
Sweeper ......
Flyer ....
Fusileer ......
Sober ....
Sandiver......
Pippinsqueezer.
Pinaster ......
Toad-Eater ...
Cashkeeper...
Premier ......
Pillager ......
Jerker ....
Rammer .....
Grumbler .....
Rioter ....
Tinker ....
Sweeper .....
Bunter, and a
Milliner. .....

2.

Conductor.....
Dictator......
Detector .....
Collector .....
Cator ....
Signor ....
Meteor ....
Imperator .....
Occulator ....
Flirtator......
Flyator ......
Cantator .....
Trumpator ....
Harpator .....
Pipator ......
Ramator .....
Ventilator ....
Doxvator.....
Jubilator .....
Speculator.....
Aimator.......
Paynator .....
Crossator.....
Repeator .....
Notator .....
Navigator ....
Ploughator....
Spoliator .....
Drumator ....
Vernator,......
Bobator ......
Piscator ......
Oateater, and a
Fornicator ....

3.

Ainderby .....
Bungay ......
Chalfont .....
Chippenham ..
Espersykes ....
Halkin ....
Hunston .....
Khalon.......
Louth........

† Creeper, (own brother to Cripple, Cygnet, &c.) was bred by Lord Godolphin, and got by his Lordship's Arabian; dam, Blossom, by Crab, Childers, out of Miss Belvoire, by Grantham. Creeper was sire of Toad Eater, Woodbine, Merry Traveller, Horatius, Tonerre, Passenger, &c.

‡ Conductor, (own brother to Alfred, Dictator, &c.) was bred by John Wastell, Esq. and sold to Lord Clermont. He was got by Match'em; dam by Snap, Lord Cullen's Arabian, out of Mr. Grisewood's Ladythigh, by Partner. Conductor was sire of Vesuvio, Pippinsqueezer, Imperator, Flirtator, Occulator, Cantator, Trumpator, Navigator, Drumator, Collector, Flirtilla, Diana, Goose, Cat, Clara, Fantail, Confederate, Cheveley, &c.

|| Il'mio, (own brother to Chequino, &c.) was bred by Lord Clermont, and got by King Herod; dam by Blank, Regulus out of Cypron, the dam of King Herod. Il'mio was sire of Scorpion, Iö, Ponto, Tally-ho! &c.

§ Imperator was bred by Lord Clermont, and got by Conductor; dam by King Herod, out of Carina, by Marsk. Imperator was sire of Butterfly, Cinamon, Juno, Cordelia, Flyator, Harpator, Jubilator, Pipator, Ventilator, &c.

** Trumpator was also bred by Lord Clermont, and got by Conductor; dam, Brunette, by Squirrel, out of Dove by Matchless. Trumpator was the sire of Crossator, Paynator, Aimator, Repeator, Oateater, Ploughator, Spoliator, Vernator, Piscator, Bunter, Carlo, Trumpetta, Spinetta, Royala, Young Peggy, Gipsy, Jenny, Hornpipe, Lavinia, Chippenham, &c.

†† Marc Antony was bred by the Duke of Ancaster, sold to C. Blake, Esq. and afterwards to Lord Clermont. He was got by Spectator; dam Rachel, (Highflyer's dam) by Blank, Regulus, Soreheels, out of Captain Hartley's Blind Horse's dam, by Makeless. Marc Antony was sire of Mark-ho! Bag-ho! Soho! Furioso, Rutland, Cara, Fury, Kitten, George, Lady Harriet, Aimwell, Curate, &c.

Suffolk

Suffolk
Swaffham
Vauxhall, and a
Wentworth

4.

Ireland
Lingo
Patagonian
Paddy, and a
Shelalagh

5.

Africanus
Agamemnon
Aimwell
Alborac
Antony
Antoninus
Arabicus
Arbutus
Bajazet
Bucephalus
Cheveley
Fannius
George
Gower
Henry
Hercules
Horatius
Herodotus
Hippolitus
Hippomenes
Hydaspes
Johnny
Lebanon
Lacey
Marc Antony
Polydore
Rutland
Ratoni
Sempropius
Sir John
Theodore, and a
Troilus

6.

Antoinette
Ann
Bajazetta
Brilliante
Cara
Clara
Cordelia
Cytheria
Fanny
Georgiana
Hollandoise
Jenny
Merina
Noisette
Papillon
Peggy
Polly
Rosaletta
Rosetta
Royala
Sophinisba
Soubrette
Spinetta
Squirrella
Trumpetta and a
Volantè

7.

Prince
Viceroy
Mareschal
Governor
Cadet
Confederate
Truth
Orthodox
Baronet
Curate
Priestess, and a
Cul-Blane

8.

Amphytrite
Cupid
Diana
Daphne
Mercury
Juno
Iö, and a
Pomona

9.

Granite
Entrance
Lottery
Joy
Masquerade
Hornpipe
Foppington
Punchinello
Fandango
Girandola
Toledo, and a
Trifle

10.

Cutleg
Hocks
Postboy
Ploughboy
Knife
Shovel, and a
Mouse-trap

11.

Brunette
Bonnylass
Merrylass
Dilettanti
Darling
Dairymaid
Doxy
Demirep
Flirt
Flirtilla
Fantail
Grace
Gipsy
Hoyden
Heroine
Infanta
Moll Rowe
Nail'em
Scout
Snail
Sprightly
Symmetry
Signora
Modesty
Maidenhead
Impudence
Laycock, besides several Ladies and Misses

12.

Ario
Bag-ho!
Bellissimo
Carlo
Cosmo
Chequino
Festino
Furioso
Il'mio
Musquetto
Mark-ho!
Ponto
Rumbo
Soho!
Toho!
Tally-ho!
Trinidado, and a
Vesuvio

13.

Antelope
Dragon
Scorpion
Fury
Furyband
Fireaway
Mistley
Rapid
Rainbow
Torch
Tonnere
Signet, and a
Torrent

14.

Amethyst
Ash
Cinnamon
Flora
Florus
Holly
Jonquille
Laurentina
Lime
Mignionette
Pine-apple
Pulpe
Strawberry
Sweetwilliam and a
Woodbine

15.

Cat
Kitten
Bustard
Bullfinch
Chaffinch
Fly
Butterfly
Goose
Magpie
Osprey
Partridge
Poulette
Tom-tit, and a
Woodcock

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

A YOUNG nobleman, complaining to an author of a respectable publication*; that his papers were not *merry enough*, was advised to interlard them with some scenes out of our late *Tragedies*.

* The Looker-On.

SMART Repartee of a blue-coat boy to an April-fool-day wit.—One of these clever fellows thinking to make a fool of one of that fraternity, clapped him on the back, and asked him what he had behind him? To which the wag turning round, and staring in his face, laconically replied—"A fool!" which turned the laugh against the *would-be-wit*, and changed his "*mirth to melancholy!*"

ANECDOTE of Dean Swift, and his Barber.——The Dean, while resident on his living in the county of Meath, before his promotion to the Deanery of St. Patrick, was daily shaved by the village barber, who at length became a great favourite with him.—Razor, while lathering him one morning, said he had a great favour to request of his reverence; that his neighbours had advised him to take the little public-house at the corner of the church-yard, which he had done, in the hope that blending the profession of a publican with his own, he might gain a better maintenance for his family:—"Indeed!" said the Dean; "and what can I do to promote this happy union?"—"And please you," replied Razor, some of my customers have heard much about your reverence's poetry, so that if you would but condescend to give me a smart little touch in that way, to clap under my sign, it might be the making of me and mine for ever." "But what do you intend for your sign?" says the Dean. "The Jolly Barber, if it please your reverence, with a razor in one hand, and a full pot in the other."—"Well," rejoined the Dean, "in that case there can be no great difficulty in supplying you with a suitable inscription:" so taking up the pen, he instantly scratched the following couplet which was affixed to the sign, and remained so many years:—

"Rove not from Pole to Pole, but step in here,
Where nought excels the Shaving, but—the Beer!"

ELECTION Eloquence.—The period of a general election in this kingdom bears some resemblance to the *saturnalia* of the Romans. It is a season when "all jokes pass free."—In this spirit, we presume, the following anecdote has been conceived.—A gentleman, proposing a candidate for a southern borough, is *represented* as terminating his harangue with the following words.—"Gentlemen, it is of the utmost importance that we select men of tried and approved political abilities; that so, whilst the other nations of the earth are writhing beneath the *lash* of an unfeeling tyrant, we and our *posteriors* may haply escape the strokes of his afflicting *rod*."

An ingenious fellow availing himself of the folly of the times, has advertised to sell patent whiskers and new improved *mustachios*.

Anecdote.—A little shambling journeyman tailor, of five feet, scarcely higher or thicker than a skain of thread, with every endowment of countenance, voice, and deportment correspondent to such a figure, waited upon Garrick, and requested to be received as a candidate for public favour, adding that he had fixed upon the character of *Richard the Third* for his first appearance. "What heh—heh—What—what! *Richard the Third*, say you? Egad a bold attempt! Have you studied the part?" said Garrick—"Yes Sir."—"Rehearse—rehearse a speech then," said Garrick, surveying him all over. The tailor, nothing dismayed, got at once into the bustle of Bosworth field, and proceeded, in a shrill tremulous treble, like that of a superannuated old maid, to repeat—

"A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom;
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
And thou, our warlike Champion, thrice renown'd,
St. George, inspire me with the rage of lions."

Just as he came to the words, "rage of lions," his eye caught those of Garrick, who had summoned up all the terrors of his countenance for the purpose, which so dismayed the tailor, that he ran away in horror and trepidation, convinced (a little too late, however, for his credit) that he was better calculated for fingering the goose and the needle, than for wielding the sword of Richard.

The final close of the Wrexham theatre this season was accompanied by a ludicrous circumstance: the play was Romeo and Juliet, and the bills of the day announced that the part of Romeo would be performed by Mr. R. Davies, Drum-major to the Wrexham Volunteers. He being a butcher, many heroes of the cleaver flocked to witness his his *entré* in that celebrated character. Unfortunately Romeo became inebriated before the performance commenced, and came on the stage very much intoxicated, and after strutting, or rather staggering across the stage, he made his exit, without articulating a syllable, amidst the hisses, groans, and laughs of the assembly, which were chiefly of the lowest order. After degrading himself to the level of a common butcher again, he found his way into the gallery, but he was assailed by his comrades, who loudly called upon him to resume his character; and Romeo, Romeo, sounded from every part of the house, until at length the unfortunate would-be-actor was obliged to retire with disgrace. One of the company took his part, but not having studied it properly, he was obliged to read it."

An Irish grace.—An Irish self-taught poet, being asked to say grace over a small piece of beef, and a few potatoes, rather of the dwarfish size, pronounced it thus extempore:—

O! thou that blest the loaves and fishes,
Look down upon these two poor dishes;
And though the *tatoes* are but small,
Oh make them large enough for all;
For if they do our bellies fill,
'Twill be a kind of miracle.

It is not always necessary to go to Ireland for *Bulls*. A clergyman in the city, preaching, on Sunday last, took occasion to reprove some of

of his congregation for *sleeping* in *church*, and observed that many arguments could not be necessary to show the enormity of that offence, as it was one of those sins which people must commit with *their eyes open!*

A GENTLEMAN yesterday meeting a friend in St. James's-street, inquired if he could inform him what borough Mr. Russell Manners was returned for; to which the latter replied, "He could not recollect, but that Mr. John Manners was a short time since returned for *Roxburgh*."

HANGING the streets with tapestry.—We find this ceremony practised at the entrance of Lady Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII. into the city of London. "Al the strets ther whiche she shuld passe by wer clenly dressed and besene with cloth of tapestrye and arras, and some stretes, as Chepe, hanged with riche clothes of golde, velvettes, and silkes." This was in the year 1481. (See Leland. Coll. in Opuscul, p. 220. edit. 1770.)

A FEW nights ago, a young sprig of fashion, not eighteen years of age, lost five hundred guineas, his gold watch, and his phaeton and horses, to the *merry caster* at one of the gaming-houses in St. James's Street.

A FOREIGN writer observes:—That there are more *well*-bred horses and *ill*-bred riders in England than in any other part.

A MILITIAMAN, detained a long time from his family by the duties of the service, found on his return to Leeds that his wife, in his absence, had engaged a matrimonial *substitute*: enraged by her incontinence, he offered her for sale at three guineas, and her gallant not wishing to lose so *good* a bargain, applied himself, like an able financier, to procure the ways and means, and actually stole a silver pint by way of raising the wind; but it was an ill wind for him, for he has since been detected, and instead of enjoying the cheering light of the torch of Hymen, he is now bewailing his profligacy in the gloom of a dungeon.

A WRETCH in the shape of a man, by trade a white-smith, but now a private in the Third Royal Lancashire Militia, brought his wife, with a halter round her neck, to the Horse Shoe Corner, in Lancaster, (being the place of public sale for horses, &c.) and offered her to the best bidder. The father of the poor woman, retaining a paternal affection for her, bought her at the *high price of sixpence;* and loosing the halter from her neck, took her home, to the amusement of several hundreds of spectators.—Next day, however, the husband applied for *legal advice*, and finding that his singular divorce would not *stand good*, as he called it, he went to his father-in-law's, and re-purchased his wife for a *shilling!*

A FEW days since as a labourer was at work near the turnpike-road, between Downham Market and Denver, in the county of Norfolk, he discovered at the bottom of a dry ditch, three young hedgehogs, most curiously nestled within the warm and comfortable recess of a brown scratch wig, supposed to have been lost, a short time previous thereto, by some good humoured *happy* fellow, on his return from

from the *jollifications* of a tithe-feast. It is a singular circumstance, not unworthy the attention of the naturalist, that the dam should have made choice of such an habitation for her young, as, from its dishevelled appearance at that time, nay even in the good-looking days of its prosperity, it so much resembled the formidable exterior of the little animal. Near the same spot were also found, a law treatise, and a brace of brilliant seven shilling pieces, carefully folded up in the corner of a newspaper; the latter belonging to an honest innkeeper at Downham, and supposed also to have been other vestiges of that festive "Day of Jubilee and Jollity."—*Risum teneatis amici?*

PROCLAMATION for a dog, by a country town-crier.

O yes! O yes! O yes! This is to give notice, that on Thursday last, was lost a *little black* dog, all over *large white spots*, with *long cropt ears*, a *thin bushy tail*, and answers to the name of Trip, or any other. Whoever will bring him to me, the crier shall have half a guinea reward.—God save the King.

THE following curious notice lately appeared in a shop window, in Tottenham Court Road.

"This *Shop* will be an Eating *House* in a few days.

JOHN Tasker, ostler at the George Inn at Spilsby, and Rebecca Smith, of that place, lately went on foot 240 miles together, to Gretna Green, to be married. Having made this experiment of their fitness to tug through the rugged road of life together, to their mutual satisfaction, the Vulcan of the borders rivetted them into one; and, turning their faces homewards, they re-trod their steps—whether with the same harmony as they went, "this deponent saith not."

SUBLIME GRUB STREET GARRET SONNET!!!

I love to taste the nectar'd sweets of
Morn,
To climb the brow of purple-tinted hill;
While Philomela warbles on the thorn,
Responsive to the "babble of the rill."

I love to stroll along the grass-grown
vale,
When *Ev'ning* clads the fields in sober
gray;
And meet the buxom milk-maid on her
way,
Returning with her full replenish'd pail.

I love to loiter by the streamlet's side,
And sit me on its daisied banks to view
"Night's argent Orb" reflected in the
tide,
Rolling along th' inverted arch of blue:

But more I love—yes! more do I hold
dear,
A Pickled Herring and a Pot of Beer.

Jacob Quirk, Modern Sonneteer.

THE unexpected surprise of Roger Highflyer.—Roger Highflyer's principal delight and amusement was in the field, he was a sportsman almost from his cradle, he loved his horses, he loved his dogs; he was married at twenty, and he loved his wife, who, not long after her union with Roger Highflyer, commenced the most frugal, and neatest woman in the parish. The dogs she hated, smoking she abominated, singing and hollowing she could not bear, boots were an odious horrid sight, spotted cloths gave her the vapours, and a dirty floor always set her a pouting; a source this of much disquietude and vexation to her spirited jovial partner,

partner, who would ride through a horse pond with as much unconcern as he would along a terrace walk. Fifteen years had elapsed since the honest hearty Roger commenced Benedict the married man, when he consoled his mind with reflecting that he had surmounted his vexation, for Mrs. Highflyer, was reported to be a dead woman. Honest Roger thought that the greatest respect he could evince on the melancholy occasion, would be to bury her in a similar manner to that in which it was her sole delight to live, viz. with frugality and neatness, and gave his orders accordingly, and Mrs. Highflyer was laid in a plain brown coffin, well wrought up of the best of wood. At this juncture, his friend Mr. Etiquette, whom he had not seen for two or three years, called on him; he seeing how things went, remonstrated with his old friend Roger, and persuaded him to bestow his wife with a little *eclat*, as the last act of a man on any occasion always made a lasting impression on the public; and said, that notwithstanding his neat and frugal plan were consistent with Mrs. Highflyer's living, manners, and likements, yet a misjudging and censorious public might construe it into want of respect, affection, &c. These arguments induced Roger to give orders for a decent set of handles, a breastplate, and a few yards of lace, which master Chissel, his carpenter took into the room to put on; in doing which

He made such a tapping, such hammering and clatter,
Bridget open'd her eyes, and cried, "What, what's the matter;
Why, the devil is in you, I verily think,
For you make such a racket I can't sleep a wink.

The affrighted Chissel was in the position of a saint upon a monument when he heard these sounds, from which position he took no time to recover his feet, but threw himself back on the floor, rolled over and over to the staircase, down which he tumbled into the keeping room in a form nearly as globular as that of a hedge-hog when ferreted by a shepherd's dog. In vain honest Roger called out for an explanation, for poor Chissel was unable to utter a syllable. A voice above however, calling out—"Nan, Nan—why, husband, Roger, where am I—what, have you buried me alive?" soon explained the cause of their surprise. Here the writer must imitate the famous Grecian painter, who threw a veil over that grief which he could not express. Honest Roger was thinking of a decent concern, proper for the occasion; he was promising himself many years of happiness in the society of a spirited black-eyed girl whom he had in his eye. Alas, how did the voice alarm him! he fixed his eyes on his friend, but said no more than this—"Accursed, for ever accursed be all ambition and love of vain and empty ostentation.

The following whimsical inscription is painted over the door of the Anchor public-house, at Watford, Herts.

Above, behold the *Artist's* touch
Doth cheering *Hope* express;
In *Painting* he excels me much,
'Tis *Drawing* I profess.

Yet *Pen* or *Pencil* use I not,
Nor wish I to use *Chalk*;
And though my *Drawings* go to *Pot*,
My *Heads* are all the talk.

The audience in the Theatre at North Shields were lately thrown into great consternation, from an apprehension

apprehension that the house was falling. The alarm was occasioned by some boys, who had got upon the ceiling, part of which giving way, they fell into the pit, but fortunately no person was hurt, though several received slight bruises from the pressure of the crowd. The scene was truly laughable to those who knew that there wes no real danger, for both males and females sprung upon the stage with the agility of harlequins. A corpulent musician cut the most grotesque figure, for, in attempting to jump upon the stage, he unfortunately fell among the lamps, which he upset, and was consequently drenched in oil. When extricated from his greasy bed, he had more discretion than to trust those legs which had so recently deceived him, for he rolled like a hogshead to the back part of the stage.

THE following is extracted from the Anecdotes of Mr. John Edwin, the late celebrated Comedian; from which it appears that he, in his day, was a Young Roscius.—"When only sixteen years of age, Mr. Edwin commenced an actor of *old men*, at the Theatre of Manchester, in 1765. Justice Woodcock and Sir Harry Sycamore, were two characters which were performed with great applause by our juvenile adventurer; and it is here to be observed as a circumstance not a little remarkable, that he played old men in his youth, and young men in his more advanced years."

THE Prince of Wales lately passing through Tideswell in Derbyshire, in Church time, gave rise to the following:

Ye *Tideswell-ites*, can this be true,
Which Fame's loud trumpet brings,
That ye, the Cambrian Prince to view,
Forsook the King of Kings?

That ye, when swiftly rattl'ing wheels
Proclaim'd his Highness near,
Trode almost on each other's heels
To leave the House of Pray'r?

Another time adopt this plan,
Lest ye be left i'th' lurch,
Place at the end o'th' town, a man
To ask him into Church.

ON THE ARMS OF BRIDEWELL HOSPITAL.

The cage of those who rake and thieve,
For arms the *rose* and *lily* bears;
Yet, lest such emblems should deceive,
A *dagger* underneath appears.

A COUNTRY fellow, in a loquacious mood, accosted a dragoon officer, and boasting of the military ardour of several of his relatives, said he had a brother in the artillery who had lately *got made to be something*—he believed it was a *dromedary!*

A DISCOVERY has been made at Lyons of a highly interesting piece of mosaic-work, representing chariot and horse-races in a circus.—It is fourteen feet and a half in length, and nine and a half in breadth. M. Artand has made a drawing of it, which is in the hands of the engraver. He observes, that the tails of the horses are here represented as docked in the English fashion, and imagines that this is the only instance of the kind that can be produced on antique basso-relievos. He supposes that this monument must have belonged to the house of Ligurius, superintendant of the public sports at Lyons, and Pontifex Maximus, of the temple of Augustus, from which his habitation could not have been far distant. It is well known that he gave sports of this kind to all the corporations of the city, who in gratitude engraved for him an inscription,

scription, which is still extant, and contains these words—*Ludos Circenses dedit.*

THE principle of objecting to a gentleman because of his being the son of a tradesman, reminds us of the following anecdote:—A noble earl, who was the son of a black-smith, being twitted one day by a Duke on the obscurity of his birth, very coolly answered—"It is true, I am the son of a blacksmith; and if your Grace's father had been a blacksmith, *you would have been the same!*"

WHISKERS.—A whimsical investigation lately took place before Mr. Graham, in Bow-street; it was a kind of a double charge: the first, made on the part of Mr. Arthur Hill, of Carburton-street, against a Miss Alice Johnston, a Titchfield-street *belle*, for pulling off one of his *whiskers*, which happened to be of the *false* kind, in the coffee-room of Covent Garden Thetre.—The second, instituted by the lady; viz. that in consequence of this accidental derangement of the false whisker, Mr. Arthur Hill caught her in his arms, and, by a malicious dexterity, let her so far slide through her clothes, as to make that sort of public exhibition which even shocked a circle of spectators, who are pretty well accustomed to *strange sights.* Mr. Hill, who had previously passed the night coolly in the watch-house, being called on for his defence, justified his plea on the ground of retaliation; and the magistrate, finding that the former was rather an accidental assault, and that in the latter there was nothing to stir up his Majesty's liege subjects to any *breach of the peace*—although evidently a shameful *breach of decorum*—dismissed the parties, with a reprimand, and an exhortation to better manners!

OUR young bucks of distinction, not content with their enormous whiskers, have mounted the Jewish mustachio on the upper lip. The ladies at first affected a dislike to this *odious barrier;* but as modern fashion soon reconciles the sex to any novelty, the *mustachio salute* is not only sanctioned now by the dowagers of the *whiskerando* tribe, but even voted by the young smooth-lipped belles, to be "*funny enough!*"

A DISPUTE arising some evenings ago, betwixt a Mr. K—— and Mr. M——, respecting the battle off Cape St. Vincent—"I'll lay my head against an apple dumpling," says M. "that what I assert is true."—"I beg leave to decline," says Mr. K. "I never lay odds."

IMPORTANCE OF FIVE MINUTES.

AT the court of King Francis the First, we are told,
To crack jokes on a lord his buffoon had made bold,
Who swore by his wife, (let us hope by a good one)
He'd cut off the head of King Francis' jack pudding.
The buffoon told the King what his Lordship had said,
As he firmly believ'd he would cut off his head.
"Aye, aye," says the King, between anger and laughter,
"If he does, Jack, I'll hang him up five minutes after."
"You'd oblige me, great sire," said the jester, "much more,
If you'd hang up his Lordship—*five minutes before!*"

Kingsland. J. M.

A CART of iron bars passing Mr. Sh—d—n, as he was turning into Somerset House, a friend who was

was with him, exclaimed "There's music!"—"Yes," replied Mr. S—, "speaking *iron*-ically."

THE invincible good humour with which Mr. Sheridan constantly met the ribaldry of the mob before the hustings, produced many pleasant turns between the rough-tongued mobility and the eloquent senator, and at last completely turned the most clamorous of them, with Berridge at their head. On the first day, the latter—Mr. Sheridan's broad-faced friend—reproached Mr. Sheridan with having rejected their support, when they would have chosen him unanimously, and turned them over to Lord Percy.—"Yes, Sheridan," continued the orator, "you were once my favourite, but I now withdraw my countenance from you."—"Thank you, my good friend," replied Mr. S. "for an uglier looking phiz I think I never beheld." Another 'lean unwashed artificer,' according to his lesson, exclaimed—"Sherry, I say, how came you to desert the Carnatic cause?"—"Because I heard you had taken it up, my honest fellow, and so I thought it in better hands," was the answer—the fellow himself laughing very heartily, who knew as much about the Carnatic as he did of Euclid.

A DUBLIN paper giving an account of an insane gentleman, cured by jumping into a horse-pond, remarks, "that however the faculty may despise it is a remedy, the gentleman is now in *perfect health*, with the exception of a *fever*."

Two quidnuncs reading in a newspaper of one John Smith being removed by *habeas corpus*, one of them asked the other—"Pray what is *habus coppus?*" "A *habus coppus*," replied he, "is—as I take it—what you may call, a kind of a—sort of a—*one-horse chaise*."—"What, is it one of the new-fashioned ones!" "No," said he, it cannot be a new-fashioned one, because I have heard talk of it ever since I was a boy,

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A PLODDING fellow in a country, town,
Who oft by midnight pac'd it up and down,
Met with some soldiers in a lonely way,
Who took his money and his watch away.
In haste he sought the captain of the band,
And told his "tale of sorrow," cap in hand.
The captain heard—then with a martial frown
And look, that nearly knock'd the plaintiff down,
Said—fellow, when this robbery was done,
Had you that waistcoat which you now wear, on?
"Yes," he replied, "I could be safely sworn,
This waistcoat I at that same time had on."
"Then," said the captain, "I am sure you're wrong,
The robbers to our regiment don't belong:
Had they, my friend, they'd laid you in the dirt,
And with your waistcoat even took your shirt."

Kingsland. J. M.

ABSOLUTION.

IT blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confess'd
Was transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest,
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the ocean.

CHARGE FOR A CHALLENGE.

King's Bench, Dec. 8.

THE KING *v.* GEORGE BRISAC, ESQ.

THIS was an information against the defendant, on the prosecution of Sir Charles Hamilton, Baronet. There were three counts; two of which set out a letter from the party accused to Sir Charles; the other charged the defendant generally with sending a challenge.

Mr. Garrow, for the prosecution said, that the gentleman against whom he appeared had been a captain in his Majesty's navy, and that Sir C. Hamilton now held that honourable situation, and was also commander of the sea fencibles on the coast of Essex. The former had been tried and convicted of a heinous offence against the regulations of the navy, to which he had belonged; in consequence of which he was sentenced to stand in the pillory, and was dismissed the service. Under these circumstances, he had been named a witness in a cause in the Admiralty, to which the prosecutor was a party, and therefore Sir Charles thought fit to acquaint his legal advisers of the facts stated. In consequence of this communication, an interrogatory was put to the defendant, as to their truth, which occasioned the following letter, nearly in the following terms:—

"*London, Feb.* 28, 1806.

"SIR,—I am aware of the advantage you will have over me from an unmerited sentence in the Court of King's Bench, but I cannot help observing upon the unmanly use you make of it, derived only from perjury and mis-statement. It is a cause in which more than two-thirds of his Majesty's navy are as deeply implicated as myself, in the well-known practice of signing blank vouchers, in confidence, to the pursers, and I have thus been made the sacrifice to the whole navy.

"But, Sir, conscious of my own innocence and honour, I have supported myself through trials, which, I believe, few men would have strength of mind and nerve to sustain. The malignant have been employed to destroy my character, and they have put an interrogatory which reflects no dishonour upon me, but upon those who propose it. Does this do any good? Was it relevant to the question at issue between you and Captain Robinson? Even supposing the answer were given in the affirmative, would it resolve the doubt regarding the Dido and Brilliant? Would it remove the sand bank to which the cause refers? To what end and purpose, then, could such an unmanly interrogatory be put? It was meant, cowardly, and cruel, thus wantonly and unnecessarily, to harrow up the feelings of a man, who never did you, Sir, or any other an injury.

"Sir, I have served my King and Country as honourably, and I believe, as long as you have; and have shewn, when an opportunity offered, that I have done my duty as well as you. Why, then, should you make this unmanly attack upon me? I would willingly infer, that you were ignorant of the interrogatory, so disgraceful to the framers of it. I have answered it, and I will, when the cause comes on, if I am in town, be in court. Nor will I decline to say, when in Court, that I was not guilty of a fraud for so paultry a sum as five or six hundred pounds. I send you my trial, whereby you may judge how I have been

been treatad. I well know the shelter a mean despicable mind will find in my sentence, and use it as a means to protect himself from merited chastisement, when he dares to insult me: he will say that I am not in a rank to be met as a gentleman. I have, Sir, a better opinion of you, than to suppose you would avail yourself of such an expedient, and I flatter myself you will confirm that good opinion.

"In spirit and fortune I am yet independent, although my prosecutors—whom I may with justice call my persecutors—have endeavoured to break the one and ruin the other. Thanks be to God, they failed in their generous and liberal attempts; not indeed from want of inclination, but through want of power; and be assured, that neither your title or your rank justify you in offering an insult; nor will I suffer it from you or any one: and nothing but the feeling, that you could not authorize the putting the interrogatory could have induced me to write to you. I have now only to add, that I wish the disgraceful interrogatory to be done away. I am so conscious of my innocence, and proud of my honour, that I am not ashamed or afraid to meet you, Sir, either privately or in a public Court, where I will be, if possible, when your cause is tried; and perhaps your attorneys or agents will find they have not served you when they meant to disgrace me. Anxious for a reply, I remain, &c.

"Geo. Brisac.

"*To Sir Chas. Hamilton, Bart.*"

After the Learned Counsel had commented on the various parts of this letter, referable to the charges,

Sir Charles Hamilton deposed to the receipt of the letter at his house in Devonshire-place.

Mr. Raymond, of the Admiralty, and Mr. James Sykes, agent to the defendant, proved the hand-writing.

During the opening of the case on the part of the prosecution, Sir Vicary Gibbs and Mr. Lawes, on behalf of the defendant, took several objections in point of form to the information; in all which they were over-ruled by his Lordship.

Sir Vicary Gibbs then addressed the Jury, (which was a special one, adverting to the services of the defendant, the infirmity of his years, the irritability of his temper, and the pure and honourable character he had sustained, with the single exception of the occasion which had been observed upon with so much severity. On the whole, the letter was indiscreet; but in all fair and candid construction, it could not support any of the charges contained in this information.

Lord Ellenborough stated the nature of the information, and explained the counts it involved, distinguishing the offences to which they respectively applied. His Lordship said, that there were two facts to be examined; first, as to the instrumentality of the defendant in sending the letter, and, next, as to its publication within the county where the trial was conducted. Another question respected the contents of the letter, as containing or not, a provocation to fight. The irritation of the party was not to be taken into the account, although this might be a proper subject for the attention of the Court, if the degree of punishment should come before them. The noble and learned Judge having examined the more remarkable passages in the letter, to assist the Jury in their inquiries, the gentlemen withdrew from the box for 20 minutes, and returned with the verdict—Not guilty.

CRIM.

CRIM. CON.

Dublin, November, 26, 1806.

THIS day Mr. Serjeant Ball moved the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Lord Cloncurry, against Sir John Piers, "that the noble plaintiff might be at liberty to file his declaration, as on a common appearance, to be entered for the defendant by Walter Glascock, one of the attorneys of the Court," This application was grounded on an affidavit made by W. H. Carter, his Lordship's law-agent. Mr. Carter stated, that in the month of June last, the Chief Justice had been pleased to grant a *fiat*, marked for the sum of ten thousand pounds, against Sir John Piers, for Crim. Con. with Lady Cloncurry. That Sir John had contrived to elude being arrested, and had taken refuge in the Isle of Man, where he had been served with the process of the Court, and where he appeared publicly so late as the 25th of last month. Mr. Ball then proceeded to state several acts of Mr. Glascock, whence he endeavoured to shew, that he had been retained by Sir John Piers, in order to defend him in this action. He also read a letter from Mr. Glascock to Mr. Carter, in which the former undertook to put in bail for Sir John's appearance; but which he declined doing, when afterwards called on by Mr. Carter.

Mr. Glascock, who was in the Court, underwent a personal examination at his own request. He declared that he had acted merely as the friend of Sir John Piers, and by no means in a professional character: he admitted, however, that he had applied to the Chief Justice's Register, Mr. Pollock, to know what bail would be required; and that he had been informed Sir John must enter into a recognizance of £10,000, and his two sureties in the sum of £5000 each: he also admitted that he had retained counsel for Sir John. The Court ordered Lord Cloncurry should be at liberty to file his declaration in the manner moved for by Mr. Ball.

ACTION UPON A BILL OF EXCHANGE.

Court of King's Bench, Dec. 1.

SALKELD *v.* LUCUS.

THIS was for £25, drawn by John Lucas on his Father, the defendant, who was the accepter.

The bill was produced and proved, and that was the plain case, Sir V. Gibbs said, on the part of the plaintiff.

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, said it was necessary he should inform the Court and Jury, that the plaintiff in this action was an attorney, and he hoped he would be careful how he appeared before the Court on such an occasion again; and hinted at the power of his Lordship over attorneys. The consideration given for this bill, he maintained to be such, as would not support the right of an action in the plaintiff, and would perhaps astonish the Court.—First he would observe, that the attorney had printed bills distributed, of a particular mode of doing business, by which he undertook to recover all sums of money under £10 for the premium of three shillings; and for £5 he would recover a sum of £100, and up to £500 if justly due, &c. Bills to this effect had been

been distributed throughout the country, or in various parts; and he had further to observe, that the defendant had received in consideration of this Bill only £10 in money, as part of the £25, for which the bill was given, and the rest in goods, with an agreement to spend a guinea for supper, these goods being pawned by the young man who borrowed, and the plaintiff bought them afterwards, while in pledge, allowing to the young man who pawned the goods, at the rate of five shillings in the pound for the sum lent upon them. If he proved this, he should be sure to non-suit the plaintiff.

John Lucas said, that he received for the above bill of exchange of £25, only £10 in money, as part of the consideration, and the rest in goods, with an agreement on his part to spend a guinea for supper. &c. at which a gentleman at the bar was to be present. The goods were a hunting watch, valued to him at four guineas and a half, which he afterwards pawned, and the plaintiff bought the duplicate, giving five shillings in the pound upon the money advanced by the pawnbroker. He had a metal watch valued to him at two guineas and a half, which he pledged for thirty shillings, and which the plaintiff purchased upon the advance of five shillings in the pound on the sum lent. A gold seal and a piece of cloth were disposed of in a similar manner: the plaintiff purchasing the duplicates after the goods were pledged by this young man, at this small advance. The money lent by the pawnbroker, falling so very short of the price at which he goods were valued, when he had them of the plaintiff, as a part consideration of this bill.

Lord Ellenborough asked Sir V. Gibbs, if he thought he could make any thing of this case on behalf of the plaintiff, in proving a more valuable consideration for this bill?—That learned Gentleman answering in the negative, the plaintiff was nonsuited.

DRAFT ON A BANKER.

ROBBINS, *v.* TUKES.

THIS action for £48 was brought in the Court of King's Bench, Dec. 1.—The plaintiff had a draft for £48, from a Mr Abel, and as he was going to his banker's to receive the money for it, he lost it by the way. It was picked up by a cobler, who kept a green-shop, and lodged at the defendant's house. The defendant bought this draft of the cobler, and received the money for it at the banker's. Some time after this, the plaintiff's clerk happened to be at a public-house, where the cobler was, and half drunk, boasting of what he had done, saying how easily a man might make money in London, by picking up bits of paper *for nothing*, and selling them *for guineas*, as he had done. The clerk recollecting how his master had lost his draft, made further inquiries into the matter, and discovered the whole of it. At first the defendant was apprehended, and brought before the Lord Mayor as for a felony; but discharged of that, this action was commenced against him.

It was alledged that the defendant had a witness, who could prove that the cobler was at another place at the time when this was related to have happened, but that the defendant was too poor to bring him before the Court.

Verdict for the plaintiff—damages £48.

A MILLINER

A MILLINER AND THE MILITARY MAN; OR A TRICK WITH THE TALLY-MAN.

Court of King's Bench, Nov. 29.

TYERS *v.* VERNON, ESQ.

SIR V. Gibbs opened this case for the plaintiff.—The plaintiff is a Haberdasher and Man-millener living in Piccadilly, and brought this action against Captain Vernon, of the 36th regiment of foot, for the recovery of a sum of money for a quantity of goods;—articles of wearing apparel, furnished to the defendant's wife, to the amount of £146, in about fifteen months.

The first witness examined was a Miss Frances Thompson, who lived with the plaintiff as a shop-woman. She swore that she remembered Mrs. Vernon coming to the shop: the first article she purchased was a black silk hat and feather; afterwards she purchased many others. This witness proved the delivery of the other various articles in the plaintiff's bill, either by delivering them herself, or by leaving them at Mrs. Vernon's lodgings in Charles-street on the Hampstead-road.

Cross-examined by Mr. Garrow, she said that another witness, her sister, who is an unfortunate girl, had introduced Mrs. Vernon to the plaintiff's shop, to buy goods upon *Tally*. (This term *Tally*, Mr. Garrow said, was not much known to the public;—the meaning of it was, that such people as the plaintiff, sell goods to unfortunate women, at an extravagant rate, to bedeck them out in a gaudy manner, and receive money weekly, or per month, or otherwise, as it may happen they should get it by prostitution; making large profits out of these unhappy persons, as soon as they get them into their books.) The witness then proceeded to state that her sister's name is Flora Thompson: that she had known Mrs. Vernon to pass by the name of *Massey*, and that she is now living with a Mr. *Dove*, an attorney of Lincoln's Inn Fields, (and who, Mr. Garrow said, was once, he believed, in partnership with the person who conducted this cause for the plaintiff.) The witness swore that she knew very well that Mrs. Vernon was living in a state of prostitution, but that she never mentioned it to the plaintiff; and it now turned out that Mrs. Vernon was now living with Mr. Dove, and they were visited by the plaintiff and his wife, as intimate friends, and that down to the present time, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at Mr. Dove's house.

Mrs. Rutlidge knew Captain and Mrs. Vernon very well; they lived in her house in April 1805. Sometimes he paid for the lodging, and sometimes the lady did. Mrs. Vernon was the person who took the lodgings, and she settled with Mrs. Vernon finally, about the month of June, when they went away.

Mr. John Reed, of the Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, St. Martin's-lane, proved that Captain Vernon lodged at his house in April, May, and June, 1805; that he had no servants or horses, neither did he dash about with a carriage and groom, or any thing of that kind. He was ill for three months, and he never slept out for any one night during the whole of that time; so that it was impossible that he

should

should be the person who had been represented to the plaintiff, as the husband of this lady, Mrs. Vernon, because that person had a groom and servants attending him, dashing about with fine horses and the like.

Mary Theobald proved the marriage of Captain Vernon with this Lady;—it took place eight years and three months ago at Chelsea. She had not seen Mr. Vernon for four years.—Mrs. Vernon was under age at the time of her marriage. About a month ago she called on the witness. To a question put by Mr. Garrow, the witness said she did not know that Mrs. Vernon had taken wings and flown away with a *Dove*.

Mr. Garrow most strenuously supported the defendant's case, and maintained that if he did not obtain a verdict, no man, who had the misfortune to have a faithless wife, could be secure from ruin; he was, however, confident that the Jury would see the true complexion of this case;—it was one of a most scandalous and infamous description.—The plaintiff was a man-milliner. The defendant had been represented as a gentleman of a very handsome fortune. He was an officer; and there was no evidence as to his fortune. He had the mischance to marry his wife about eight years ago. During great part of that time, he was unavoidably absent in the service of his country. While in England he occasionally saw his wife, but knew nothing of her infidelity, although she was pursuing the course of extravagance of which the evidence in this cause furnished only a part. He then under the correction of the Bench, proceeded to submit what the law was upon a case like the present, and applied to tradesmen who trusted a wife without the knowledge of her husband. The articles in their nature and amount, must be according to the condition and degree in life of that husband; and if the tradesman does not know that condition and degree, he is bound to make inquiry before he gives the credit: he shall not take it from the appearance or the representation of the wife. If he furnishes the wife with any goods on credit, beyond the rank, condition, and degree in life of the husband, that husband is not bound in law to pay such tradesman. He then expatiated on the character of a *Tally-man*, which the plaintiff was—took up the items of his bill—enumerated the articles—maintained the charges to be extravagant. A black velvet hat and feather, £1 16s.—A thin muslin morning dress, and ostrich feathers, not fit articles for the wife of an officer living on his pay; rich white gloves, eight shillings a pair; a profusion of things thus furnished could never be adapted to the condition of this gentleman. A rich worked muslin dress four guineas—the first day's order £11 or £12. It was impossible to say that this mode of furnishing articles of dress to a wife of an officer in fourteen months, to the amount of £146, could be suitable to his pay, and therefore he submitted, that, according to the rule of law, which was in this case founded on the common sense of things, and the convenience of mankind, the defendant was entitled to a verdict.

Lord Ellenborough observed to the Jury, that this was an action against the defendant, a Captain of the 36th regiment of foot, for the amount of a bill of £146, for articles

articles of personal ornament, and decoration for the defendant's wife, in fourteen or fifteen months. The liability of the husband stood thus. While his wife applies for things she wants, she carries with her a credit for them, suitable to the rank and condition of her husband, whose duty it is to provide her with things necessary for that rank and condition; but it is the person's duty who gives her credit, to ascertain what that condition is; for the instant he credits the wife to an excess upon that condition, he forfeits his claim upon the husband. This lady had contracted a debt, which it was impossible to say that the defendant's pay in the army was equal to: £146 in fourteen months for mere ornaments, was extravagant beyond endurance, considered with reference to the scanty means of an officer of the defendant's rank and condition. His Lordship commented, with a suitable reproof, on that part of the girl's evidence, wherein she said, Mrs. Vernon was first introduced to the plaintiff by a prostitute, upon whose representation he trusted her with these gaudy trappings. That fact alone was demonstration, that he knew the unhappy character in which Mrs. Vernon moved in life, and by which knowledge he forfeited his claim on her injured husband; and there was no proof of cohabitation between Mr. Vernon and this lady at this time; on the contrary, evidence that some other person had assumed the character of the defendant with the lady. Upon the whole of the matter, this case struck him so forcibly, that he did not see how the Jury could conscientiously, with justice, do otherwise than find a verdict for the defendant.

Verdict for the defendant.

LAW CASE.

Court of King's Bench, Dec. 3.

RAMSDEN *v.* MELLISH.

THIS action was commenced against the defendant as the accepter of a bill of exchange for £100.

Sir Vicary Gibbs stated the different stages through which the note had passed, until it came into the hands of Mr Ramsden. He said, that when the bill was presented, Mr. Mellish, who was a constant frequenter of the Newmarket races, refused to pay it, without alleging any reason, and the plaintiff was compelled to bring this action.

After the testimony had been adduced,

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, said, that certain punctilios were kept up among the visitors of the turf, which the Learned Counsel could not but censure; but certain it was, that were it not for the peculiar circumstances of this case, Mr. Mellish would never have attempted to defend himself by a legal objection. This bill was one of three which were given as scurity for a gambling debt, which became due to a reverend gentleman of the name of Ambrose, by a game at hazard at the Smyrna Coffee-house. A few days afterwards, Mr. Mellish had the good fortune to win back the same sum from Mr. Ambrose, and of course he expected that these bills would be restored to him.—This that reverend gentleman promised to do, but had never performed; and under such circumstances a gambling debt being the only consideration, the plaintiff could not recover.

The Rev. John Ambrose was then called, but not answering, his attendance

attendance was demanded upon his subpœna.

Mr. Garrow not being provided with any other witnesses, a verdict was found for the plaintiff—damages £111 : 13s.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

ABOUT the middle of last month, a bear, the property of Mr. Bradbury, one of the clowns of the Royal Circus, which was kept in a shed, built in the shape of an oven, in the yard of the Royal Circus, and chained to a post fixed in the middle of its den, which was driven nearly four feet into the ground, caused much alarm in that neighbourhood. The animal, become furious from hunger, in the course of the night had torn up the post, broke the part of the chain that was fixed to it, and made its way muzzled into the yard.—The first thing that it attacked was a dog, which it killed. The roaring of the bear, and the cries of the dog, soon brought several people to the spot. The first that came was one of the carpenters belonging to the Circus. The bear instantly pursued him; the man ran up some stone steps, and the bear followed. The man threw it back, and, with the force, fell over it, but escaped with the loss of the skirts of his coat, which the animal tore off.—The bear left him to attack a goat. By that time the alarm was so great that several people had collected in the yard. A boy, about thirteen years of age, was amongst the first. The bear pursued, overtook, and fastened upon him behind, with its two paws upon his shoulders. The boy instantly fell, inclined forward on his face, and the bear tore the back part of his head as if it had been scalped. A man now got hold of the end of the chain which was still round the animal's neck, and with the assistance of the other persons, armed with sticks and pitchforks, tore the animal away from the boy, who was in a gore of blood; and one of the most shocking objects ever beheld, every one present thinking at first his head was torn off from his body.

He was immediately taken up, however, washed, and carried to the hospital. He came from the country only a few weeks ago; he lived with Mr. Wilson, who keeps the billiard tables, at the Circus, and used to attend the billiard-rooms.—We understand he is a relative to Mr. Wilson. At ten o'clock on the same night, there were some hopes of his recovery. This dreadful accident collected a vast concourse of people, who rushed into the yard; amongst them were two soldiers, one of whom split the bear's head open with a spade, and the other cut off one of its ears.—It was a young black bear. Mr. Bradbury, the clown, brought it from Liverpool on the top of the stage coach, the night of his benefit. It was so tame that he brought it to town unmuzzled. He used to exhibit it in the coffee-room of the Royal Circus, and take it to porter-houses, &c. where it used to sit up among the company, with a hat upon its head, and eat its loaf and drink its pot of porter. It used to follow its master like a dog, and was so familiar and gentle, the children in the neighbourhood played with it, without any apprehension. Mr. Bradbury, its master, being at Manchester several weeks past, the animal was left in the care of a porter, who did not supply it with sufficient food. It had not more than

than half a quartern loaf for sustenance in two days, and so became furious from hunger.

The above was written on the day after the accident. We have since heard that the boy is recovered.

AN ACCOUNT OF

THE SPORTS OF ANCIENT LONDON.

By Joseph Moser, Esq.

THE thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have been frequently termed the heroic ages, an appellation which they acquired from the prevalence of justs and tournaments; a species of amusement, if they may be so denominated, which was derived from the crusades, and which were first introduced into the metropolis in the reign of King Stephen, about A. D. 1140, until after the return of Richard the First from captivity. To celebrate this event, solemn justs were exhibited in Smythefielde, A. D. 1194.

These chivalrous exhibitions appear to have arrived at their greatest eminence in the reign of Edward the Third. This prince, whose character was tinged with a considerable portion of romantic extravagance, which that of his son displayed in still more glaring colours, was so infatuated with those *amicable* contentions, that he caused them to be conducted with more than Saracenic pomp, and displayed with even more than oriental splendour.

Out of these celebrations sprung the trial by combat; a mode of decision not unfrequently resorted to in cases remediless by the old custom of England, and which the High Court of Chivalry marshalled by the law of arms.

Riding at the *Quintane* was a civic sport, that had in its idea something chivalrous; though it is said by Dr. Kennet, who quotes Dr. Plot, to have been derived from the Romans; which is very probable, as it was their custom to train their young men to military exertions, of which this is evidently a species. The champion who succeeded in breaking the board was accounted *Princeps Juventutis*, or Chief of the Youth.

Archery was another of our military sports, which has been lately revived, though with little success. This exercise, for which the English were famed in all parts of the world, was—when the archers of the city, those of Finsbury, and other contiguous districts were reviewed—attended with ostentatious circumstances of civic splendour and magnificence.

Of the triumphal shows exhibited in the city of London, although the vestiges are very numerous, we shall only mention one: which must, if we consider the state of the environs of the metropolis, and indeed that of the metropolis itself, from concomitant circumstances, have exhibited many picturesque scenes. This was the celebration of May-day, in those periods of simplicity when the King, Queen, their courtiers, and consequently the citizens, rode a Maying.

At the times of the celebration of the great festivals, we find that a lower order of the minstrels assumed the character of Mummers, and performed short dramas, dances, and tricks, before the doors and in the halls of the opulent.

On Allhallow's eve, the reign of the

the Lord of Misrule used to commence, which continued until Candlemas; so that we may observe, that the dark and dreary months of November, December, and January, were by our ancestors more particularly dedicated to sports and hilarity.

The Lord of Misrule, it would appear, from even a slight consideration of the subject, was an officer whose province was directly the reverse of that of a modern master of the ceremonies; for his business was to furnish amusement by a series of blunders, and with studied negligence to throw every thing into confusion, in order to increase the sport; whereas that of the master of the ceremonies is to introduce regularity into large assemblies, to keep order, to repress the ebullitions of passion, to banish, if possible, that contraction or thrusting out of the lips which Shakespear calls *pouting;* to prevent violent *suffusions* or *flushings* in the female countenance; to keep the ladies from *tossing*, and their noses from *turning up*, when *precedence*, *partners*, and *people that nobody knows*, with a hundred other *serious* circumstances, excite those emotions. He has also annexed to his office something *clerical*, it being his business to *join hands:* but he goes still farther, he frequently *procures partners*, who sometimes under his banners *enlist for life.*

In the palace of every nobleman, whether spiritual or temporal, in the mansions of the Lord Mayor, and the Sheriffs, there were Lords of Misrule*, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make most diversion for the company.

The most remarkable of our civic shows in the fourteenth century, was that of the inauguration of the Chief Magistrate, which, as it has been annually continued, is too well known to afford entertainment in description. This procession, until the year 1453, was *unamphibious;* but at that period, Sir John Norman, draper, willing, like Cynion, the Athenian, to triumph

...... "Both on land and wave,"

Caused a barge to be made at his own charge; in consequence of which the twelve companies had their several barges decked and trimmed to attend upon him; a circumstance that so delighted the watermen, that they composed a song on the occasion, the burthen of which was—

"Row thy boat, Norman,
"Row to thy Lemant."

* We fear that somehow or other, this office still exists, that it has become permanent, and has got into the hands of *graver* characters.—When we, as is frequently the case, hear of the *derangement* of affairs, we are always prone to suspect that a Lord of Misrule is one of the family, and that his endeavours to promote confusion, whether in accounts, domestic matters, affections, &c. are *no longer jests.* Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Paull assert, that Lord Grenville, the Marquis of Wellesley, &c. are at present the chief Lords of Misrule.

† Leman, (Sweetheart.) Surely these rogues did not by this piece of pleasantry mean to intimate that his Lordship was a bit of a wag, and had a girl over the water; as the *impures* at that time (just as at present) totally *banished* from the city, resided in Southwark on the Bank-side, to which there was a ferry, of which the *sober citizens* unquestionably experienced the *convenience.*

Though

Though the combats of the Roman gladiators had, under the Goths, expanded themselves into justs and tournaments, which were, as we have observed, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries generally adopted; yet, as fashion, particularly in matters of amusement, is ever fluctuating, we find the pomp and solemnity of these degenerated into prize fighting, which was one of the sports of our ancestors immediately subsequent; and, as it was attended with little expence, followed by them with great avidity. In consequence of this predilection arose an order of men, who termed themselves—"Masters of the noble art of Defence." These generally were, or pretended to be, old soldiers, persons who had seen much service, and who not only practised, but taught the science they professed: they existed in taverns, and while they astonished and awed our metropolitan youth, they lived upon the public*.

The sports of bull and bear-baiting were anciently the delights of the English: their passion for these savage amusements they also, it is probable, derived from their conquerors the *polished* Romans, whose imperial city abounded with amphitheatres, many of which were used for the combats of wild beasts. For this *laudable* purpose, no expence was spared to fetch them from the farthest parts of the world. It must be allowed, that in this sport, as in many others, the Romans displayed more ingenuity than our ancestors, who merely contented themselves with chaining a bull or a bear to a stake, while they suffered the animal in this ignoble situation to be worried and torn by dogs; whereas the former used to pair a great variety of heterogeneous creatures for the combat. Sometimes we find a tiger matched with a lion, sometimes a lion with a bull, a bull with an elephant, a rhinoceros with a bear, &c. and very frequently men, who acquired the appellation of *Bestiarii*. Nay even women, as we learn from Juvenal (Sat. 1.) engaged in those combats, which as often terminated in what are called battles-royal.

Of the bear-gardens and bull-rings in the metropolis, no vestiges remain; though their number and sites may be pretty accurately traced by the names of the streets and places that have been erected upon their ruins, and by the notice that is taken of a few of them in the oldest map of London now extant †.

By this map we observe that Paris-garden, once so famous for its sports as to have attracted the attention of many authors, was a small hamlet, consisting of a theatre, and a few houses or rather cottages, on the banks of the Thames, nearly opposite to the Black Friars, to which there was a ferry.—A road took exactly the same direction as the London road does at present. Close to the play-house

* Of these characters Captain Bobadil is a humorous, and we believe, a correct portrait. He was, if not a prize fighter, at least a master of the noble science of defence, as we have an instance in the lesson he gives Master Matthew, who was an exact type of those youths whom such adventurers, under the disguise of old soldiers, used to spunge upon.—From these practices, it is probable, came the phrase—"To fight the Old Soldier."

† London and Westminster, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1563.

stood a cross. The Bear-garden* was irregular in its form, and had, it is most probable, been literally a garden, before it was used for the purpose of sports. The amphitheatre for the *Bowle-baytinge*, was a circular building situated at the back of the houses on the Bankside; and at a short distance, in the immediate vicinity of the Stews, stood another building of the same form, and apparently of the same size, called the New Bear-garden, which was adapted to the same purposes as the old.

Cock-fighting, although equally cruel, was at this period a favourite amusement of the English in general. Tradition has frequently stated that the oppressed Saxons considered this animal as a type of their tyrants the "Lord Danes," and that the custom of throwing at them at Shrove-tide originated from and commemorated a massacre at that period.

From what circumstance the furnishing cocks with those dreadful weapons, spurs, and by pitting them against each other, making them instruments of gambling, arose, it is now impossible to say: that the sport was generally prevalent, and a cock-pit considered as a necessary appendage to many noblemen's houses, is certain. Of this custom we have still a vestige remaining, in that part of the ancient palace of Whitehall, which still retains the name of the Cock-pit, though it is now used for a very different purpose. Here the minister and a few of his friends revise and read his Majesty's speech, previous to its being delivered in parliament.

FALSE ALARMS; OR, MY COUSIN.

An Opera.—Drury Lane.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Damon Gayland	Mr. Wroughton.
Edgar Gayland	Mr. Braham.
Tom Surfeit	Mr. Bannister.
Lieut. M'Lary	Mr. Johnstone.
Plod	Mr. Mathews.
Gabriel	Mr. Penley.
Grinvelt	Mr. Wewitzer.
Bumper	Mr. Dignum.
Lady Gayland	Mrs. Mountain.
Caroline Sedley	Miss Duncan.
Emily	Mrs. Bland.
Miss Umbrage	Miss Pope.
Susan	Mad. Storace.

THE FABLE.

SIR Damon Gayland, who has recently taken Lady Gayland for his second wife, and for whom he really has more regard than he is aware of, is infatuated with the silly pride of exciting his wife's jealousy. It appears that he has been in habits

* The Old Bear-garden, wherein was kept "bears, bulls, and other "beasts to be baited; and also mastives, in their several kennels, were "there nourished to bait them," was once the resort of the nobility and gentry, as well as of the ferocious, idle, and dissolute. Whether from the performance of regular dramatic pieces the minds of the people took a more rational turn, is uncertain, but it is certain that its sports, once so celebrated, from that period declined.

Of the Bear-garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole, we have notices to the middle of the last century. What sort of company resorted to it may be learned from Mrs. Peachum, who says to Filch, "You must go to "Hockley-in-the-Hole, and to Marybone, child, to learn valour."

BEGGAR'S OPERA, Act 1.

habits of correspondence with an incognita with whom he became acquainted at a private masquerade, but to whose person he has been kept a stranger. The jealous apprehensions of Lady Gayland are relieved by the unexpected arrival of Caroline Sedley, an old friend and school-fellow. Caroline declares herself to be the cause of Sir Damon's alienation, relates their meeting at the masquerade, and that, accidentally discovering in the person of her gallant the husband of her quondam friend, she had been induced to humour the intrigue, in the hope of avenging the wrongs of Lady Gayland, and effecting Sir Damon's reformation. To promote this design, she has obtained a letter of introduction to Sir Damon, under the disguise and character of Captain Bronze; and in this character she affects such an easy impudent freedom with Sir Damon's house, his servants, and above all, his wife, that the man of gallantry is confounded, his indignation is roused, his jealousy is alarmed, and, under pretence of indisposition, he determines immediately to hurry away his wife from so dangerous an intruder. This is the signal for Lady Gayland; she refuses to accompany him, accuses Sir Damon of infidelity, abashes him by producing the correspondence with his incognita, and peremptorily insists upon a separation. To increase Sir Damon's confusion, a billet arrives from the fictitious Rosalinda, stating that she is at hand, and can no longer endure suspense. The false captain, to whom Lady Gayland appeals, affects to recognize the handwriting of the fair Rosalind to be that of his cousin, and demands instant satisfaction from Sir Damon for the indignity offered to his family. Sir Damon is overpowered with shame and penitence, and pleads for forgiveness. In the mean time, Edgar, the son of Sir Damon, has arrived in pursuit of Emily, the ward of Old Plod, to whom he is attached, contrary to the views of his father; after some of the usual difficulties in these cases, in which his jealousy has been needlessly alarmed, he succeeds in eloping with the object of his wishes, and Sir Damon's consent is extorted by Lady Gayland as a condition of their reconciliation.

A further interest arises out of the characters of Tom Surfeit and Lieut. M'Lary, who are rival candidates for the hand of Caroline.— The former, as an excuse for doing nothing, has assumed the character of a Temple student; but, despising the slow returns of half-guinea motions as inadequate to his fashionable pursuits, he conceives designs upon the superior fortune of Plod's ward. His attempts, however, are frustrated, and his vanity exposed in all quarters; while the mirthful Caroline finds a deserving and successful suitor in the brave and honest M'Lary.

There is a good deal of lively humour in the piece, and the dialogue is neat and spirited; but its chief recommendation is the music, some of which is very fine.— Mrs. Mountain and Mr. Braham accompanied themselves in singing an air each, the former on the harp, and the latter on the piano-forte. These were both charming airs, and were loudly encored. All the performers exerted themselves, and were extremely successful. Miss Duncan, in the assumed character of Capt. Bronze, appeared in the dress of a smart light-horseman.

The piece having undergone some necessary

necessary curtailments, continues to be received by crowded houses, and, as well as Mr. Kenny the author, is likely to become a favourite with the public.

The songs also are excellent, and some of them appear in our poetical department.

OLD AND NEW FASHIONS IN DRESS.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis!

MR. EDITOR,

I WAS reading the other morning at breakfast, to a very worthy old lady—indeed, my grandmother, —the very amusing lucubration of your newly acquired correspondent, Mr. Merryman; but, to my astonishment, instead of appearing pleased, several deep sighs escaped her; and when I had finished, she broke out into lamentations upon the old worn-out topic—the alteration of the times: she observed that in her opinion, young Hopeful, as she called him, might think himself very fortunate in preserving his handkerchief at the expence of his letter; for she'd warrant, had he walked the streets of London in that careless and coxcomical manner, some of the wanton husseys, or pilfering boys, would have made a prize of it; and then, she observed, what a dilemma the coxcomb would have been reduced to!—I soon removed this insinuation, by telling her, that he could soon have replaced his loss, as trade was now carried on in so extensive a manner, that every second or third shop was a linen draper's: this she was very glad to hear; but yet it puzzled her, if trade was in so thriving a condition, to account for the long lists of bankrupts that every Tuesday morning I read to her from your paper! it was not so in her time!—she really thought that the taylors and pickpockets were in a confederacy together; for if the good old fashion, in which usefulness and grace went hand in hand, and continued, when the pockets of a coat were well covered with a length of flap, and of a depth sufficient to contain a moderate sized bible—such a one as then lay before her—when the skirts hung gracefully in many folds down to the ancle, distended into a beautiful form, with horse hair and buckram; the latter of which she remarked —and a smile of self approbation, for a moment, took possession of her venerable countenance—was not, in her time, confined to their bills. But now, instead of the person's being protected and kept warm and comfortable; the dignity of the man preserved, and his property protected; the popping jays of the present day, by the absurd and horrid fashion prevalent in dress, were exposed to the cold winds and inclemency of the weather; all that dignified consequence totally extinguished; and our purses and handkerchiefs left an easy prey to the street walker, and public marauder; and looked, for all the world, like so many game cocks trimmed for the pit. Happening at this instant to cast her eye upon a whole length portrait of her late husband Mr. Alderman Molasses, adorned with a brigadier of immense dimensions; a full dressed suit of blue velvet, loaded with buttons of gold lace; ruffles of the finest cambric down to his fingers ends; a gold headed cane of size sufficient to level an ox; and a small silver hilted sword, peeping through the skirt of his coat; desired

sired I would mark the contrast between that dress and that of a print which happened to hang exactly opposite, dressed in the pink of the present costume; and which to avoid prolixity, I will just mention had the words following printed under it:—"John! don't the ladies admire me?"—In compliance with the good old lady's desire, I cast a glance at both, and at the same time taking out my watch, and finding it was 'change time, I told her I thought "much might be said on both sides," made my bow, and set forward to meet a merchant in the Irish walk, on the Royal Exchange.

For my part, Sir, I laugh at the present times, have laughed at the past, and, as long it shall please the Almighty Power to permit me, doubt not but I shall see occasion to laugh at the future; and cannot entirely agree with my worthy relation, when she insists most peremptorily on the *dignity*—a word she is as fond of as Col. Bath, in Fielding's Amelia—the delicacy—the gentlemanly deportment of the men of her day over the bell-swaggers—as she emphatically calls them of the present day: and the prudence, reservedness, discretion, and virtue of the maidens of her time, over the hoity toity, bold, forward, pert flirts of the present day? now all are gadding, the mornings taken up in preparing dress for the evening ball, where they expose themselves—she is told, for she never goes to them herself—in dancing the Irish wriggle, with any fellow in a bit of scarlet and a feather, or gambling at the card table, losing their money, souring their tempers, and by their dissipated lives, giving the other sex an aversion to matrimony; for she is informed as a positive fact, that in point of expence, the girl who has not a prospect of five hundred pounds to her fortune, will vie with one who has as many thousands; and hardly such a thing as a spinning wheel to be seen in any private house between Temple Bar and Hyde-Park-Corner: she really is tired of the profligate manners of the present day; it is this, and only this, that makes so many prostitutes: in her time, young women spent the morning in spinning linen—here she cast a significant look, and observed there were not such numbers of linen-drapers then—for the family, and the evenings in an innocent game of hot cockles and hunt the slipper; or, by way of variety, at cards: at the amusing games of my lady's hole, or Strip Jack naked; names which, however sneered at in the present times, carried excellent morals with them, and were entirely free from the deep thinking in the game of whist, so much now the vogue; which she asserts, is full of artifice and contrivance, and only fit to teach young people to overreach one another, and fill their minds with hypocrisy and deceit; such women were unfit for wives; and were she a man, and young as formerly, she would rather live a single life than yoke herself to one whose mind was every where but at home—it was not so when she was young—then there were no false colours hung out to allure birds, no—a maiden depended then upon her discretion and housewifery for a husband, and having established that character, she had no occasion to wander abroad for lovers. Then the good old lady, placing her fore finger on her thumb, would begin to recount what lovers she had, all of whom she had dismissed in favour of Mr. Molasses; for she always

always thought—and a glow of pleasure and satisfaction sat upon her countenance when she said it—that a British Merchant was the first of all characters. I remain,

Your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY HOMESPUN.

Throgmorton-street, Dec. 8, 1806.

THE GRANDFATHER's BUST.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING often been entertained by your amusing magazine, I beg leave to send you the following anecdote, the circumstances of which occurred last summer.

Your's &c. X. Y. Z.

Mr. B——r, having resided in Dublin the greatest part of the winter, determined to return to his country-seat in the spring; and he sent orders to the steward to get the house ready, and to paint most of the rooms. Having arrived late in the evening, he did not visit the apartments till the next morning. On entering the dining room he was struck with astonishment on beholding a fine marble bust of his grandfather dashingly painted with rosy cheeks, that would not have disgraced a Bacchus. Honest Pat, the steward, who had been in the family during the lifetime of Mr. B's grandfather, was summoned to explain the meaning of it.

"Pat," says Mr. B. "how comes the bust to be so disfigured?" "Disfigured! does your honour call it?"—"Yes, disfigured." "Och ye powers, and you really call it disfigured!—well, I will be telling your honour all about it."

"Your honour, you know, ordered the rooms to be all painted and beautified, so I sent for Mr. O'Daub the house and sign painter of the village, he lives near Mrs. O'Liffy's who keeps the Munster potatoe inn.—Mr. O'Daub, says I, you are to be after painting the house immediately, his honour my master *manes* to be here next month, and stay the whole summer among us, which will gladden the hearts of all the poor; and if every *jontleman* was to be after doing the same, so many domains would not be without Landlords, for if you *lave* your domain, why it will *lave* you and go to the devil. 'Arrah by my shoul and so they would, says O'Daub.' "Well, well, go on to the bust."

"So as I was telling your honour, after he had painted the house, he says to me, 'Mr. Pat, who is that white *jontleman* stuck up there, he looks for all the world as if he had lived on butter-milk and potatoes, for the devil a bit of colour have they given him.'—Butter-milk and potatoes to yourself, says I, look at your own spalpeen face, before we fed you with colcannon and mutton; his honour's grandfather, there, had as fine a jolly a face as any justice in the county of Sligo. But, Mr. O'Daub, give me *lave* to be after letting you know the *jontleman* is in sculpture. 'Sculpture, did you say, Mr. Patrick, by my shoul I never *harde* of that kind of painting before; but I suppose it is a kind of a drawing which the great people get done for themselves after they are dead, and that is not a part of my profession; so Mr. Pat, if you *plase* I'll *mak'n* look as when he was alive.' To be sure, do, so says I. Now, with my insructions and Mr. O'Daub's art, your honour may now again behold your grandfather just as when he sat at the head of the table, after a fox-

fox-chase:—for to be sure he didn't keep the best hounds and the fastest horses that ever ran over the Curragh. Do, your honour, now look up at him; he looks for all the world as when he used to say to me, when I was the height of a turf—'Pat,' says he, 'have you done your work?' Yes, your honour, says I; 'Then take this half of a thirteenth.' Och! long life to his honour's memory."

MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG GAMESTER.

Concluded from page 70.

I NOW frequented Newmarket, Epsom, York, and other races, was a constant attendant at billiard and hazard tables, and few could more dexterously slip a card or cog a die; in short, I was able to practise all the manœuvres in use among the family-men. I lived like a man of fashion, and although I was by this time known to have no other way of supporting myself but by gaming, and was a gamester professed, yet as long as I dressed well, paid my debts honourably, and entertained elegantly, I was intimate with, and visited by many people of fashion.

However, after some time, I found my finances rather impaired by too high expences; but as I had contracted a large acquaintance, I expected to reap the benefit of it, especially as I had luckily, as I then thought, gained a friend in the gaming way, who promised to let me into some schemes I was yet a stranger to, and we were by agreement to go shares in the profits.

My youth, which was my protection in gaming, ruined me in my connection with women. Vain and full of desire, I took pride in being thought to possess so fine a woman, and from her well-acted endearments I grew to dote upon her. For some weeks I observed her to be more thoughtful than usual, and involuntary sighs frequently to burst from her. I was uneasy, but she never would tell me the cause. I sent for her upper servant one day to a tavern, and desired her to tell me what was the matter with her mistress; upon which she, who had long been waiting for this cue, began a most melancholy story, how well her mistress had lived when the last gentleman kept her, whom she left for me, and ever since her mistress had been running behindhand; but that she loved me so well, she was not willing for me to know it, because she said I might suspect it was only a scheme; but, continued the girl, as she hoped to be saved, and upon her honour, her mistress went in fear of being arrested every day, because she would not go into company, her love for me was so great.

I snapt at the bait, and ordered her slily to get me a list of her mistress's creditors. She had it ready, she said, on purpose to shew me several times, but her heart failed her. Even this did not open my eyes: I could not discover that there must be some deep design in this ready-wrote-out list than I first saw.—No; I was prepossessed, and the next day discharged them by sending my girl the contents of the list, which I think came to two hundred and forty pounds seven shillings.

The person who had agreed we should share profits together called upon me next day, and told me he had a glorious scheme, but that I must

must bring about six or seven hundred pounds with me just to make a shew with, as he had one of the finest bubbles in the world, a young man just come of age, and heir to an immense fortune. I did not let him know that I had parted with the greatest part of my capital; but as I depended upon him, agreed to meet him next day, and pretending earnest business to transact, we parted.

I had so good an opinion of my new partner, that I reckoned all he said to be gospel; and as I had several valuable trinkets by me, I that afternoon not only disposed of them, but of my clothes, linen, horses, and every thing I could raise money with; and next evening, according to appointment, went in with between seven and eight hundred pounds in my pocket: of this I immediately informed my partner. A bank was made, the bubble ushered in, and we won five hundred pounds of him before twelve at night. This transaction took place at what is called a private card assembly. We went to supper about one, and what they gave me in my liquor I know not, but I soon grew fuddled, and remembered very little of what happened afterwards.

My servant the next day brought me a letter from my partner, which informed me, that I had, by getting drunk, ruined both him and me, because I would play myself, and there was no hindering me; he said, that I had not only lost what he had won, but also played away all our stock; that, for his part, he had been obliged to go a tick for a hundred pounds, which he desired I would send *per* bearer, and I should have it in the October Meeting.

I could not speak for some time: nay, my servant desired to know what answer he should send by the messenger. At last I told him to say it was very well, and sunk down upon my pillow in horrors, which the honest part of the world cannot even fancy to themselves. After being tormented with all the agonies of mind it is possible I believe to feel from remorse for the crimes I had committed, I jumped out of bed, hurried on my clothes, and hastened to inform my girl of my d—d ill luck; as I felt certain she would not fail to assist me, since to my knowledge, she could raise something handsome on her plate, &c. some of which I had given her, and which her confidant had told me were in pawn when I sent her the money; but by an accident, as I lay there one night, on an alarm of fire, I discovered she had not pawned it. However, I made sure she would pawn it for me; and therefore determining not to make myself uneasy any longer, went to her house in very good spirits. The maid informed me her mistress was gone to one of those houses, where ladies and gentlemen usually meet in an evening: it was in the Strand, and remarkable not only for the resort of girls in low circumstances, but also for ladies of pleasure who were better provided for. The master and mistress of this house having always expressed the most cordial friendship for me, I was pleased to hear she was gone there; and as they had several times proffered to lend me a sum, and told me, and had sworn to it, that if ever I wanted any sum of money that they could command, it was only ask and have, I should be sure of it, I resolved to discover to them the situation of my affairs.

When I came into the room where

where my lady was, there happened to be only the landlord, landlady, and my mistress. As soon as I opened the door, the landlord shook me heartily by the hand, and the women each took me round the neck, and almost stifled me with kisses. "I'm sure," said the landlord, "if you wanted any thing, you might have all we are worth." My girl interrupted him with an oath, stretched out her arm, seized me by the hand, and looking me full in the face, exclaimed, that if she ever refused sharing her last sixpence with me, she wished the most bitter evils might befal her, that I ever heard expressed.

I thought this to be a good time to open what I intended, I therefore in a few words related my situation, and desired Jemmy would lend me two hundred pounds, for two months. I took notice, during the latter part of my relation that he was trying to put the cork into a bottle again; and when I had finished, turning his head to the door, he called out, "*coming Sir;*" and going out without giving me any answer, was instantly followed by his wife.

I was now left with my mistress; and on asking her if she thought there was any thing so very odd in what I requested of the landlord and his wife, that they should leave the room so abruptly, and desiring her to tell me what she thought of it; she, as if just waked, gave a start and replied—"Lord, don't bother one about it! To be sure every one knows their own affairs best! Do you ring the bell, will you? I want somebody to get me a coach."—Why, where are you going? "Why I must go to the Shakespeare: I promised."—But you promised to spend the evening with me—"But I can't though—Can you now, in your own conscience, expect a girl who has her bread to get, can confine herself to one man? I'm sure it is an unreasonable out-of-the-way thing to suppose it."

Before I could reply, the landlord and landlady entered; and, after some altercation between them who should speak first, the landlord thus delivered himself. That as how truly, if he had any money in the house, why I was welcome to it; adding, "I'd do any thing to help any distressed gentleman.—Betty, why don't you take the cordial bottle away, and those two large spoons?—But indeed, Sir, I have so many bad debts, and am obliged to *tip* so much to folks of the *right sort*, to prevent informations—You take me—that nobody upon the face of the earth wants money so much as I.—Bess, haven't you got the gentleman's bill?—There it is, Sir; not much, every body knows I never love to spunge upon my friends; it is but twenty-five pounds in the whole; take your own time; a week hence, Sir, will suit me as well as now; only, Sir, I can't afford to give any more credit."—And away they went out of the room, the landlady telling my mistress she wanted to speak with her.

I sat a moment, and as my lady was rising to go out, I desired her to stop, just to tell me what she thought of such usage; when her reply was as follows: "They are a couple of *scrubs*; for my part, I'll never use the house again; and I shall look upon you to be a most mean-spirited fellow if you don't pay them immediately."—But how can I do it without money?—"How? why, before I would let such creatures dun me for money, dam'me if I would not hang myself, or I'd do

do something to deserve hanging, that I would. "Pray are you the first gentleman that has come to misfortunes? See if I won'dn't make the public pay me! I'd try my chance on the road."

What, would you have me turn highwayman? "Lord, is that such a great matter? Haven't you been a gambler? And pray which is worse? Not a highwayman I'm sure"—Aye, but consider; suppose I should be taken? "Aye now that's the thing! I wish I was a man, see if I should be afraid of running any risk: I see what sort of a spirit you have. But mark me! If you don't find out some way or other to get yourself clear of these people, and prove to me you are a man of spirit, never shall you again come between a pair of sheets with me: so mind what I say to you; that's all, and I swear it."

She left me immediately; and, after about a quarter of an hour's reflection with myself, not from remorse, but to consider only how I might reconcile myself to my woman, and shew her I had not a mean spirit, I found no way so eligible as the road; and the next morning, properly equipt, I set out, met with some success, wrote her word how I went on, and remitted her money to pay the bill—as she desired I would in answer to one of my letters—but which is not yet paid; then I committed a robbery, for which a great reward was published to apprehend him or them that did it.

She only knew where I was; and since my conviction, I have ascertained that she went halves with the thief-takers. I was seized, at the last assizes at ———, was convicted, and received sentence of death; but through the humane interference of my father and friends, obtained a respite; and through the clemency of my Sovereign since, a pardon, on condition of transportation to New South Wales, for my life: a living example of the bad effects resulting from an improper attachment to women and gaming.

HUNTER'S STABLE.

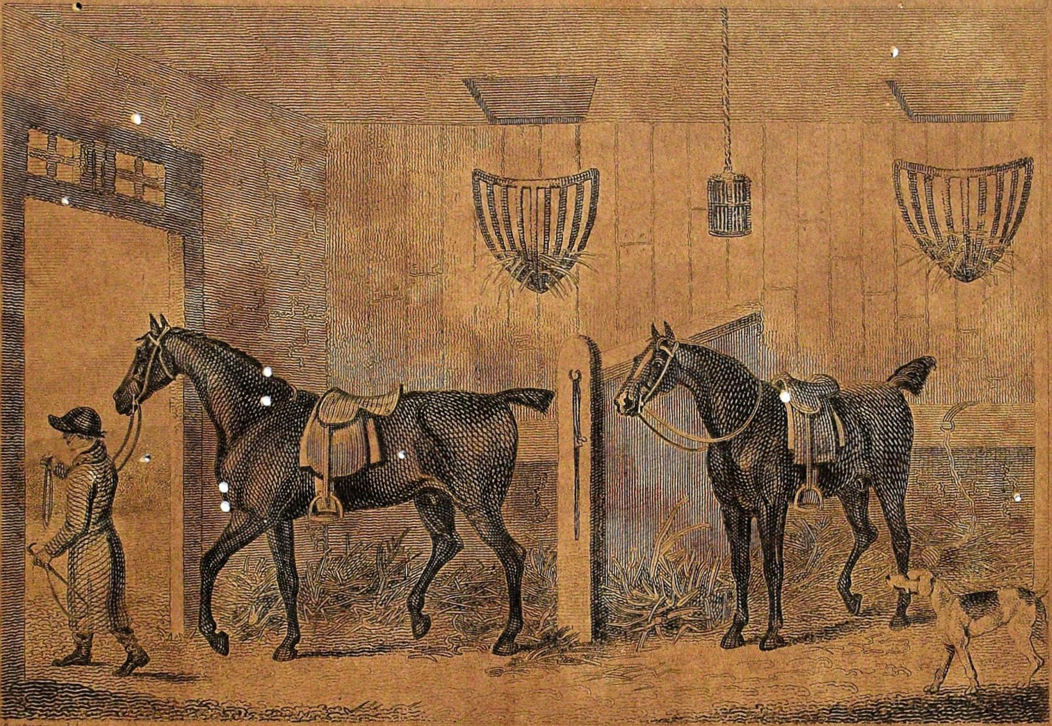
An Etching.

From a Design of the Younger Sartorius.

THE Hunter's Stable having been described in a former Magazine, neither description nor explanation will be wanted here; it is only necessary to say, that the print is to be placed opposite to the page in which it is here mentioned.

FRAUDS OF PORTERS AT INNS.

THE following instance of an abominable imposition, too frequently practised on the public, was brought before the sitting magistrate, at Marlborough street office, on Wednesday the 10th of December.—A porter, belonging to the Gloucester Coffee-house, Piccadilly, of the name of Judge, was charged with opening a basket containing game, and also with a fraud on Mr. Chambers. The prosecutor, a banker in Bond-street, received a basket containing a hare, from a friend in the West of England, on Monday, and also a letter; but to his surprise, the hare, which was exceedingly stale and paunched, did not answer the description of the one mentioned in the letter, which was



Sartorius del.

Hunters Stable.

[illegible] Warwick Square.

was not paunched. The sum of 3s. 6d. was also demanded for the carriage of the basket, by a stranger, who delivered it; and in consequence of this complicated imposition, information was given at the coach-office, where it was ascertained, that the hare had not only been exchanged by the prisoner, but that he had altered the ticket of carriage delivered to him at the office from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. and he had employed another person to deliver the basket, who it appeared, had received the ticket after it had been altered. The prisoner was committed for trial for the fraud.

To the foregoing we have to add that a basket was some time since sent from Devonshire, to the above warehouse, containing two brace of woodcocks and a hare. On the arrival of the basket at the house of the gentleman to whom it was addressed, it was there discovered that the hare had been replaced by one about a foot long, which had the appearance of having been killed a month, and one of the woodcocks replaced by a stinking partridge. The gentleman could obtain no redress from the proprietors of the coach, not being able to fix it on any particular servant. They nevertheless were accountable, and bound to repair the injury, whether the servant was to be found or not.

PANTOMIMES.

THE holidays, as usual, have produced one at each house, viz. the Enchanters at Drury Lane, and Mother Goose at Covent Garden. In the former, the hall of audience, the view of the interior of Bagdad, the Arab's cave, the Sultan's pavilion—are beautifully striking. Mother Goose, at Covent Garden, presents a series of legerdemain and laughable circumstances, and, of course, it has been highly gratifying to the boarding-school misses and their juvenile companions, during the holidays.

FOX HUNTING.

How great is the joy—how supreme the delight,
Of scrambling o'er fences from morning till night;
Sometimes on your head, in the midst of the flood,
With your saddle and boot tops all cover'd with blood,

SUCH was literally the case on Friday, December 26, with the Earl of Darlington's Foxhounds. They met on Clayton common, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and immediately found in a small gorse cover. The fox broke away for New-Park spring, and, passing over the bottoms, ran in a direct line towards Wakefield, when being hard pressed by the gallant pack, he turned and nearly retraced his steps into the wood; at the entrance of which he was viewed by the hounds, and narrowly escaped by getting to ground in some rabbit burrows, when they were close at his brush. As there appeared little prospect of digging him with success, and the pack not wanting blood, he was there left to afford a future day's sport. This run, including two very sharp rings round the cover, nearly knee deep for the horses, was one hour and fifty minutes of continual hard running; and if the severity of the leaps in the Wakefield country are considered, being in general ox-fences and large drains, we need not be surprised

surprised at most of the field, a very large one in the morning, being perfectly satisfied with the first run; and at their retiring, to "fight their battles over again," and to drink Fox Hunting in a cool bottle of claret at home. Lord Darlington, however, was not so easily satisfied; for, confiding in the stoutness of his famous York Mare, and the superior mettle of his celebrated pack, he determined on drawing Howell wood for a second fox, which was found at ten minutes past two; and after taking one ring round the cover, he went away over the common and the strong inclosures, down to Hemsworth town, near Norwood, over Kirby moor, up to Empsall-lodge; thence by Upton beakon to Badsworth, over the Went river to Darrington lees, by Carlton, nearly to Grove; and the hounds were stopped when hard running, at nearly dark, on Pontefract race-ground.—We need not be astonished at hearing that all the horses, with hardly one exception, were completely done up in this severe chase, and that lancets and laudanum were the order of the day. Amongst the hardest riders, and those who stuck truest to the hounds throughout both chases, we must notice Lord Darlington, Lord Barnard, the Hon. Martin Hawke, and Messrs. Gascoigne, Clough, Treacher, and Grey the whipper-in.

A chosen few alone the sport enjoy'd.

The Berkley Hounds finished the old year with one of the finest runs ever remembered. They threw off at Bagshot-park, on Wednesday the 31st of December, and found a vixen fox at twenty minutes past ten in the morning, which was killed in the park, after having dodged about the shrubberies for nearly 25 minutes. As there was an idea that another fox was gone away, Tom the huntsman trotted off to the west side of the park, that he might if possible hit him off. At a few minutes after eleven, Tom padded a fox up one of the rides on Bagshot-heath. Instantly Gilder owned the scent, and they went away in most capital style to Cæsar's camp; from thence almost to the obelisk, crossed the Hartford-bridge road, and, carrying a famous head, went over the new inclosures to Frimley heath, Minley warren, and Frimley bog, and by the side of the river up the low meadows to Blackwater bridge; here he crossed the high road, went away over Broad-moor, and Broad-moor bottom, to Sandhurst and Yately heath, where he was headed; then turning to the left, went through the covert, by the back of the village of Yately, to the common:—then leaving Finchamstead to the right, he went across Eversley green, and through Eversley wood, over Hartford-bridge flat, turned short to the right for Beamshill, Sir Richard Cope's seat, went through the park, into a turnip field, where the hounds ran into him, after a chase of an hour and three quarters, as severe a one as ever was known. The distance from point to point is about twelve miles, and the ground the fox went over about twenty-five. The hounds particularly distinguished were Mystery, Maiden, Gilder, Bluecap, Collier, Sanguine, Crowner, Ramper, and Chaser.—Merrylass found both the foxes. The dog fox had half an hour's law.

Mr. Watt's and Sir Mark Masterman Sykes's fox-hounds had, on Wednesday, Dec. 31, one of the hardest and best days that the oldest sportsman remembers.—They were met at Bishop-Burton village,

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in the East Riding of Yorkshire, by upwards of an hundred horsemen; from whence they proceeded to Mr. Watt's Whin, where they found immediately; and after running a quarter of an hour in covert, the fox broke away, and afforded a most excellent run of an hour, when they ran into him in an open field; they then proceeded to Bygate wood, and found in a small covert of Sir F. Legard's, adjoining from whence a fox went away upon hearing the first whip crack, and never turned his head or owned any covert, until he went to ground at Nunburnham-Brat, which, in the line he took, was sixteen miles, from the place he was found, over the finest country in the world, being the greatest part turf, and hardly a fence the whole way, till the first check, which was about seven miles. The hounds were never known to go faster; and during the whole of this extraordinary run, which tired all the horses, they never went less than three quarters speed. The day was the finest possible, and the brilliancy of the scene was highly heightened by several ladies in carriages, who seemed to enter as much into the joys of fox-hunting as the keenest sportsman.

BOXING.

A MATCH made at a few days notice, between Tony, a second-rate pugilist of some note, and a Bristol man of the name of Hall, who came to town to fight any man of his weight, was decided on Tuesday the 6th instant, on Old Oaks common, near Wormwood Scrubs, with very little satisfaction to the patrons of bruising, or the gazing multitude. The contest was for twenty guineas; and though Tony, by his former exhibitions, was thought to possess most of the requisites of a bruiser, the idea of a Bristol man had such an ascendency over the lovers of pugilism, that six to four was betted on Hall. After half an hour's bloodless fighting, Tony accused his opponent of falling without a blow, and the stakes were drawn. The amateurs gave a five-guinea purse for a renewal of the contest, which proved equally bloodless, and was decided in favour of Hall.

WEDNESDAY, the 7th instant, a battle of a novel nature took place in the presence of a considerable field of sportsmen, at Hook common, near Barnet, for ten guineas, between Fisher, an expert bruiser, five feet two inches in height, and an untaught ploughman, near six feet in stature, which was speedily decided in favour of the former.—The battle lasted only twelve minutes, during which time the countryman took especial care, after having had a proof of his opponent's skill in the first round, not to give him a second opportunity.—He had his nose split in the first round, while making some awkward attempts to hit his adversary; and all attempts to get him to face his man again were fruitless, until the last round, when by stratagem he received a blow in the throat, and resigned the contest.

ON the Monday previous, a fight took place at Islip, Oxon, between William Lay, of Yarnton, and a man who is stated to be a brother of the Game Chicken, which was decided in favour of the latter.—The battle lasted about forty minutes, during which time the combatants fought thirty-five rounds.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Duke of Rutland and his two brothers did Mr. Smith, the present manager of the Quorndon hunt, the honour to meet him on Monday the 19th, at Syston, when two foxes were killed.

SIR Gilbert Heathcote, we understand, has disposed of his celebrated pack of hounds to Lord Lowther, to whose kennels at Cottesmore they are to be transferred in the course of a month.

MONDAY the 13th was the appointed day for determining the challenge by the chesnut mare, late belonging to Mr. Felton, against all England, to trot sixteen miles, 8st. 6lb. and accepted by the London sportsmen. The ground, from Cambridge to Huntingdon. The chesnut mare was accordingly ready, and the London gentlemen had the phenomenon mare on the ground, mounted and ready, but, at the time appointed to start, they declined, consequently, the chesnut mare walked over the road for the wager.

AT Up-Park, Sussex, the seat of Sir H. Featherstonhaugh, the extraordinary quantity of five hundred and one brace of game was shot, from Wednesday morning the 7th, to Saturday night, the 10th instant, by a party visiting at the above mansion.

A MATCH for fifty guineas has been made between two gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Sleaford, to ride a steeple-race for ten miles, on some day in this month. Much interest has been excited, and large bets are depending upon the performance. The riders are not to go through any gateway, nor is either to take the same leap as the other. We have not yet heard the result of this match.

OTTERS.—On Wednesday, Mr. Edward Humphreys, jun. of Walcot, near Chirbury, in Salop, shot a dog otter on the river Cemblet, which weighed 22lb. and measured from the head to the tail four feet. There are also now at Gunley, near Chirbury, two tame otters, taken when young, from the said river; they are so tame that they will follow the servants to the spout when washing, and one was so voracious as to seize a living toad and devour it immediately.

A RACE against time was run on Monday the 19th, upon Barham Downs, for 100 guineas. A swift-footed Yorkshireman, was the hero in this arduous enterprise, against the old gentleman. The distance was half a mile, to be run in two heats, of a quarter of a mile each. Each heat to be executed within a minute, and both to be executed within the space of an hour. The Yorkshireman won with apparent ease.

MR. Arthur's brown horse Sir David, which was never beaten in the year 1806, is sold for 3000 guineas; the purchaser is as yet unknown to the public.—Mr. Mellish's famous horse Sancho, which fell lame at Lewes in running with Pavillion is now cantering, and it is supposed that he will stand

sound

sound.—Mr. F. Neale's bay horse Goth, bought of Lord Grosvenor, is broken down, and it is feared will never be able to start again.

Mr. T. Cave Browne has sold his favourite bay horse, Watchman, to his Grace the Duke of Rutland, for 500gs, and he has since sold Assassin to General Grosvenor, for 400gs. He has refused 500gs for Vesper.

The late Duke of Richmond, in particular regard for Madame Leclerc, his *protegèe* from early youth, she being passionately fond of hunting, has by his Grace's will left her six of his finest high-bred hunters; he has also left her the smallest of his town-houses to enjoy her £2,000 per annum in, during her residence in the capital. All deductions being made, Col. Lenox will have £18,000 income to honour his Dukedom of Richmond with!

A foot-race for 20 guineas took place on Friday the 9th instant, in the fields near Cannonbury-house, Islington, between Capt. Balling and a Mr. Jacques. One hundred and fifty yards were measured, and at starting Mr. J. was the favourite. The match was well contested, and won with difficulty by the favourite by about a yard. Another match followed between two carpenters, which was won hollow.

Extraordinary Pedestrian Performance.—On Friday Dec. 26, Glanville, a Shropshire man, started in the morning, at seven, at the 14th mile stone on the Bath road, to go to the 85th, and back to the 14th, a distance of 142 miles, in 30 hours. From the great distance, at this season of the year the odds were 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 against him. He went off at a brisk walk, and for two miles together he broke into a shuffling walk, at the rate of six miles an hour. His first stoppage was at Twyford, at which place he arrived and took a bason of soup, at five minutes past ten o'clock. He stopped about five minutes at this place, 34 miles from town; and refreshed again at Marlborough, and arrived at the 85th mile stone at ten minutes past eight in the evening. This half of his journey was performed at something less than five miles and a half an hour. He returned a few miles on his way back, and refreshed himself on a bed between blankets for an hour and a half, and arrived at Reading at a quarter past six o'clock on Saturday morning. He had now 25 miles to perform in five hours and three quarters; he appeared a good deal fatigued. After reclining on a chair for about 20 minutes, and drinking half a pint of mulled wine, he renewed his task, and arrived at his journey's end at a quarter before one o'clock, and won with difficulty by a quarter of an hour. He was attended the whole of the way by two horsemen.

Harry Lee has again challenged Mendoza.—Mendoza, in answer, says, he fights no more. The challenge and answer are given, in all due form, in a Daily Paper. Mendoza, by his epistle, kills two birds with one stone; he tells Lee he will never fight another pitched battle, but at the same time—to answer the purpose of an advertisement—that he teaches gentlemen the art of self-defence.

Some time ago, a gentleman at Paisley, in Yorkshire, sixty years of age, undertook to walk, for a bet of one hundred pounds, 50 miles in 24 hours. Previous to setting out, 1400 more was offered, and readily accepted. He started at one

one o'clock in the morning of the 2d of January, without having been in bed, and after having spent the preceding night with several friends in the most jovial manner. During the first three miles, owing to the extreme darkness of the morning, he fell several times; however, not discouraged by the untowardness of the commencement, he continued his exertions, and, with ease, accomplished the journey in seventeen hours and fifty minutes.

Pigeon Shooting. — Saturday January 10th, a match of pigeon shooting took place between two sportsmen, named Green and Wilkinson, in a meadow between Kilburn and Hendon, for 100 guineas, which should kill the greatest number of pigeons at fifteen shots. Mr. Green missed his second bird and his twelfth, and Mr. Wilkinson his first and fifteenth. The competitors, conscious of superiority, waited the arrival of more birds, and by mutual consent killed 23 pigeons in shooting off the ties. Mr. Green made the first miss, after having killed 11 birds successively, and lost the match.

New mode of Pigeon Shooting. On Tuesday the 20th instant a number of gentlemen, 16 of a side, assembled at Ninfield Stocks, Sussex, to take the diversion of pigeon shooting, or rather to amuse themselves by shooting at pigeons, as of the seventeen that were first turned out, one only had its pinions clipped. To prevent further escapes, the new mode (tying the legs of the birds) was then adopted, but with no advantage to these celebrated knights of the trigger, as their subsequent shots proved equally unsuccessful.

Last Monday, two male and two female badgers of more than ordinary size, were taken alive in their haunts at Swanburgh, near the town of Lewes.

On Wednesday the 21st instant, Lord Derby's hounds had the severest run they have experienced this season. The deer was turned out at Addington-street, near Croydon, Surry. It took towards Sanderstead, but headed back to Addington, through the Lodge, leaving Farley to the right; passed Chelsham, running hard towards Limpsfield, where most of the horsemen were thrown out, and of course the field became thin; then taking to the left of Tunbridge, by Lingfield, over a very heavy and strong inclosed country, through East Grinstead, was at last taken about five miles below, near the Lewes road, after running in one continued burst for two hours and a quarter, without the smallest check. Of a numerous field there were but a chosen few in at the taking of the deer, one of whom was his Lordship; also Messrs. Hobson, Minshall, Morten, and Jonathan the whiper-in. The deer was one of the two presented to his Lordship by His Majesty.

On Wednesday, Dec. 31st, a Sweepstakes was run for on Norbrook Downs, Oxfordshire, by Mr. Haynes's grey horse Country Lad, and Mr. Norton's Bloxam-Lass, by Critic. Mr. Faukner's Single Peeper paid forfeit. The distance was six miles, carrying 12st. each, and was won easy by the former.

A short time since a man from Hunslet, near Leeds, in the prime of life and health, after following the Leeds harriers, and witnessing the death of the hare, himself fell down a lifeless corpse.

Breach

BREACH of Honour.—A meeting took place in the Isle of Man, between Sir John B. Piers, Bart. who has taken shelter in that island. from the writs issued in the Irish courts on Lord C's crim. con. action, and a Mr. Meredith; the result of which was so curious, that the seconds have published the following statement:——"It was agreed upon by the seconds of the parties, that they having taken their ground, three signals should be distinctly given, before either of the principals should discharge his pistol; which signals were to be the words *one*, *two*, *three:* and this arrangement was twice distinctly announced to the principals. But shortly after the first signal was given, and before the second, Mr. Meredith took deliberate aim at Sir John Piers, and discharged his pistol, contrary to the terms agreed upon.

"On this most gross violation of honour on the part of Mr. Meredith, both seconds expressed their horror and indignation. Sir John Piers then advanced, and having used many opprobrious epithets towards him, Mr. Meredith on his knees begged for pardon and life. It has been stated that Mr. Meredith's pistol had gone off by accident; but this could not happen, as Mr. Meredith's pistol had no feather spring, and was fired whilst Mr. Meredith took deliberate aim.

W. RICHARDS,
Second to Mr. Meredith.

H. WARRINGTON,
Friend to Sir John Piers.

Douglas, Isle of Man, Dec. 27, 1806.

"N. B. Through motives of delicacy, this transaction would not have been published, had not a statement of an ambiguous nature appeared in the Manks paper of this day."

A SINGULAR and desperate battle was fought on Thursday morning at North Shields, between two old soldiers, one of whom was an Irishman. As each of them wanted an arm, it could not be expected that the *noble science* was so scientifically displayed as to please an amateur of that *fine art.* Both stumps and fists, however, were vigorously employed, and the battle at length terminated fatally to the gigantic Hibernian, who receiving a kick, accompanied with a shove from the stump of his antagonist, though little more than half his size, fell to the ground and broke his leg.

ON Wednesday the 7th inst. Mr. Gascoigne, the son and heir of Sir Thomas Gascoigne of Parlington, near Aberford, Yorkshire, having attained his majority, very handsome dinners were given to the tenantry at Aberford, Sherburn, Milford, Saxton, Garforth, Barwick, Bramham, and Clifford; to each of which places Sir Thomas sent a fine haunch of venison; and such freeholders in the neighbourhood as had previous to the late county election declared themselves in the interest of Walter Fawkes, Esq. were invited to partake of the festivities of the day. At three o'clock in the afternoon a very handsome entertainment was given to the populace in the park, consisting of the true old English fare, roast beef and strong beer. Twenty-four gentlemen, intimate friends of the family, sat down at five o'clock to one of the most sumptuous dinners ever given on a similar occasion, and the evening closed with the utmost hilarity. During the day, Sir Thomas's racing stud was brought out and exercised in the park, for the entertainment of the visitors, who

 amounted

amounted to at least two thousand persons.

THE son of a rich cow-keeper, who lately came into possession of a very large fortune, has, it is said, lost no less a sum than £60,000 at the gaming table. A noble lord, as stated by fashionable report, is amongst the fortunate winners.—The gentleman who is minus, has, we understand, nothing left to lose! he has, of course, proved a complete *milch cow.*

RABY CASTLE.—The splendid hospitality with which the Prince of Wales was received at this ancient mansion, exceeded every thing in his northern tour. When his carriage drove into the great hall, which was illuminated with thirty chandeliers, Lord Darlington's volunteers were drawn up to receive his Royal Highness under arms.—The sight was so striking, that the Prince, after he had paid his compliments to the ladies in the great saloon, begged he might be again permitted to view the great hall for a few minutes. And after dinner, when his Lordship gave the health of the Prince of Wales—so dear to every Englishman—by a secret signal which he contrived to give his attendants below, a royal salute of 21 guns was fired from the walls; the effect of which to the company was almost magical, while the repetition of the echoes amongst the battlements and distant hills appeared to realise the words of Shakspeare—

And let the kettles to the trumpets speak,
The trumpets to the cannoneers without,
The cannons to the heavens—the heavens to earth!

THE practice of purloining, as well as changing game, by porters and others at the inns in London, (see page 200) makes it necessary to recommend it to those who send presents from the country, to be particular in giving letters of advice to their friends, with a minute description of the articles sent.

JOHN Clarke, one of the gang of poachers who for several nights infested the plantations and preserves at Crowfield-Hall, armed with guns and bludgeons, was this month committed to the county jail at Ipswitch. One of another gang had narrowly escaped being taken, having left part of the calf of his leg, and a piece of a ribbed grey worsted stocking in one the man-traps set in those premises.

FROM the Salisbury Journal, Jan. 19.—Our readers may have observed an advertisement in our last paper, offering a reward for the detection of the persons who had committed an outrageous assault on Lord Arundell's game-keepers. —— It appears that the gang of poachers, which has for a long time infested the neighbourhood and woods of Wardour, are not yet satisfied; as on Monday evening last, when it was known his Lordship's keepers were at Marlborough sessions, to prosecute some others, a gang of daring villains came into his Lordship's grove, not far from the house, and fired. On the following evening, a few of his Lordship's workmen went out with an intention, if possible, to detect the poachers; when, in the same grove, two of his workmen were most dreadfully assaulted. One of them, George Burton, who works in the woods, had his arm broke, and was otherwise so unmercifully beaten, that he now lies at the Arundell Arms inn, unable to move himself in bed.—The other, Joseph Martin, a carpenter, was beaten by the gang so as to be left for dead.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE STOCKS.

LET some sing of love, and describe their fierce pains,
Or the colour of some fair one's locks;
But if I must sing, as love don't plague my brains,
I shall warble the praise of the Stocks.

Not those that you find by some lone common's side,
Which the mind over delicate shocks;
Nor those do I mean of some garden the pride,
But I sing of Threadneedle-street Stocks.

A stranger might think who had never been there,
They were like the new West India docks;
For we hear about Ducks who plunge in without care,
That come out sadly lame from the Stocks.

Or should it be told to his terror-struck ear,
Bulls and Bears thither come in large flocks;
No wonder 'twould be, if convuls'd with wild fear,
He should fly far away from the Stocks.

Though when once acquainted, no horror we feel,
But dash freely in 'mongst its rocks;
Regardless we seem if it works woe or weal,
So fond are mankind of the Stocks.

Nor is man alone fond, for the females we know,
Before they are well out of frocks,
Are glad to be told that their aunt so and so,
Has left them some three *per Cent.* Stocks.

That beauty has pow'r all mankind must confess,
Yet money too oft at it mocks;
And not the least chance has youth, beauty, or dress,
'Gainst a widow with cash in the Stocks.

Here Infidels, Christians, Turks, Heretics, Jews,
Together will lay their wise blocks,
And oft conjure up some most terrible news,
To raise or to lower the Stocks.

When a visit to pay which to all men he pays,
At the door of the miser Death knocks;
"Dread Sir," he exclaims, "let me stay a few days,
I've some bargains to make in the Stocks.

Both the Drunkard and stock-broker seem to agree
With the rogue without stockings or socks,
That nothing on earth can afford them more glee,
Than to hear of the fall of the Stocks.

J. M. L.

THE DEATH OF THE HAWK, AND THE COUNCIL OF BIRDS.

'TWAS a Midsummer morn, when the birds of the air
Call'd a council of state, weighty things to declare;
Their chamber a wood, leafy, secret, and wide,
And they met to debate on the hawk that had died.

Then there came the Linnet, the Goldfinch, and Lark,
With the Nightingale, just from her song in the dark;
The Chaffinch, and birds from the mountain and glen,
The Sparrow and Thrush, with the Robin and Wren.

And there came the Blackbird, the Starling, and Daw,
With the rook, which address'd them all round with its "Caw!"
And there came the Cuckoo so simple and shy,
With its noisy companion, the gaudy Magpie.

Then the Jay and Tomtit, with the Bullfinch were there,
And each bird of passage that flies through the air;
The Martin, the Swallow, the Wagtail, and Dove,
Still flush'd with the kisses receiv'd from its love!

Then warm, aye, and long, was the question discuss'd.
And this Hawk by all parties set down as the worst;
How a hundred long years through the air he had flown,
Ever fierce, and devouring all birds but his own.

But to tell ev'ry murder and mischief he'd done,
More fell to their species than netting and gun,
Would last ev'n till doomsday; so chancellor Owl
Summ'd up, and declar'd him a felon most foul.

"But time," said the judge, "has suspended his breath,
And the blood-sucking savage has met with his death!"
At this ev'ry minstrel pour'd forth a sweet song,
Till the air rang with music melodious and strong.

And they vow'd that a feast the next day should take place,
To rejoice at the death of this foe to their race:
Nay more; while a something each one would bring there,
They'd invite to the treat all the birds in the air."

'Twas fix'd; and all rising, each bird plum'd his wing,
And sang of the fruit and the dainties they'd bring;
And each little chorister vow'd it was good,
As they flew off in pairs from the trees in the wood.

BIBO AND THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON.

BIBO boasted a face and a nose sparkling red,
The tip was so warm you might light a pipe at it;
It glow'd so red-hot, folks approach'd it with dread,
And you almost would think that old Pluto begat it.

One day in the street as a wag stroll'd along,
With a shoulder of mutton just bought for his dinner,
Old Bibo he met, and his face glowing strong,
A fancy soon struck this sheep-swallowing sinner.

To the nose of old Bibo he held up his meat,
Whilst the face of the tippler grew redder with passion;
And he cried—"What d'ye mean thus to act in the street,
I don't understand being us'd in this fashion."

"Hush,

"Hush, hush," cried the wag, "don't you see it gets brown,
Once more to your face let me tenderly press it,
For, believe me, good Sir, I ne'er saw in this town,
Any fire that could half so conveniently dress it."

Jan. 3, 1807. J. M. L.

THE BRIGHTON DONKEY.

A SKETCH.

SEE, on the patient Ass
A lovely change, the form of beauty sits.
Poor and neglected, and ill-treated brute!
Thou hast been long abus'd—thy useful race
Contempt but little merited have borne,
And cruelty not merited at all!
To man thou little ow'st—his cares are given
To rear the noblest steed: the favourite horse
Is pamper'd, manag'd, exercis'd, and train'd,
The winds of heaven to surpass in speed,
And gain the honours of the rapid course,
To bear his master through the lengthen'd chase,
O'er hills, and floods, and vallies, or to shine
With gaudy trappings in the van of war.
But thou, abandon'd from thy earliest age,
Art doom'd in silent misery to feel
The tricks of children and the blows of slaves;
Us'd for the vilest offices, and press'd
With frequent loads beyond thy strength to bear;
And when the labours of the day have ceas'd,
Art turn'd upon the common's stinted verge,
Of coar'est herbs to pick thy scanty meal!
But happier days shall shine—pathetic Sterne
First wak'd the sigh of pity for thy woes;
And late, so fortune wills, thou art become
The useful favourite of the British fair.
She will not task thy strength beyond its powers,
Nor goad thy sides with many-pointed steel.
Her hand shall guide thee with a gentle rein;
Pleas'd with thy charge, and docile to command.
Not fam'd Bucephalus with greater joy
Bore the world's victor through the ranks of war,
Than thou, blest Albion's fair—e'en now thou bear'st
With mingled pride and pleasure to the shore.
The hapless Julia, o'er whose fev'rish cheek
Passes the hectic flush—along the tide
Slowly thou pacest, and thy fetlocks deep
Plungest in ocean's waves, that she may catch
The pure salubrious breezes as they spring
Fresh from the blue serene, whose gentle breath
May fan the half-extinguish'd flame of life!
Nor shall thy cares be fruitless—though the pangs
Of love despis'd, and sorrows rankling tooth
Have blanch'd the roses of her cheek—the smile
Again shall beam from Julia's lucid eye,
Like morn's clear rays that glitter in the East!

SONGS FROM FALSE ALARMS; OR, MY COUSIN.

WHEN I came on the world without notice or name,
'Twas my curricle bore me to fashion and fame;
My keeping a girl would have got me a wife,
And my two spanking bays introduc'd me to life—
Then while rattling, and dashing, and splashing all day,
Old women I scar'd with "Get out of the way!"
I'd a nod from all quarters—was ever at home—
And St. James's-street echo'd with—"How d'ye do, Tom?"

But

But when I was knock'd up, and my horses knock'd down,
Tom Surfeit's disaster soon ran through the town;
Then seeking my friends, my misfortune to smother,
When I look'd at them one way they all look'd another.
But if rattling, and dashing, and splashing away,
Again I recover, and blaze into day,
How their necks will relax, and their mem'ries come home,
And my ears again ring with their—"How d'ye do, Tom?"

BEFORE young madam, now-a-days, her pretty sweetheart blesses,
He sobs, and swears, and sighs, and calls it paying his addresses;
With their interviews and Billy-doos, and all such kick-shaw stuff,
Before they go to church they've had of loving quite enough,
With their tiddy dol, &c.

But when I courted Mrs. Plod, Miss Polly Jones as was,
Now if so be as you like me, says I, I'll have you, poz;
So then says Polly Jones, says she, I'll ax my Pa's consent;
And then she gave a smiling look, and I know'd what she meant.
It was tiddy dol, &c.

Then in the Morning Post you'll see, while modern gentry falter,
That Mr. this will shortly lead Miss t'other to the *halter*.
But Poll and I we kept things hush—I'm sure the plan was wiser,
And just when over clapt it in the Daily Advertiser.
With a tiddy dol, &c.

OH! a petticoat, Honey,'s an Irishman's joy,
Go where he will his time merrily passes:
Search the world over, sure Paddy's the boy
For banging the men and for kissing the lasses.

And if you but get a red coat to your back,
In Russia, in Prussia, in France, or in Flanders,
All the pretty ma'amselles have a mighty neat knack
Of cocking their chins both at men and commanders.
Then heigh for the petticoat—that is my joy—
Go where I will my time merrily passes;
Search the world over, sure Paddy's the boy
For banging the men and for kissing the lasses.

When sweet Kitty Connor pierc'd me through the heart,
And chose Teddy Blarney, a big man of honour;
One moon-shiny night, to give ease to my smart,
I kick'd Mr. Blarney, and kiss'd Mrs. Conner.
And the little plump God, for his mother knew what,
Was the son of old Mars, or he'd never alarm ye;
And if he'd be growing as tall as he's fat,
You'd see master Cupid brought up to the army.
Then heigh for the petticoat, &c.

SAID a smile to a tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam'd like the sun in spring weather,
In sooth, lovely tear,
It strange must appear,
That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief:
And I, said the smile,
That heart now beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then, said the tear,
Sweet smile, it is clear,
We are twins, and soft pity our mother;
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace,
For the woe and the bliss of another!